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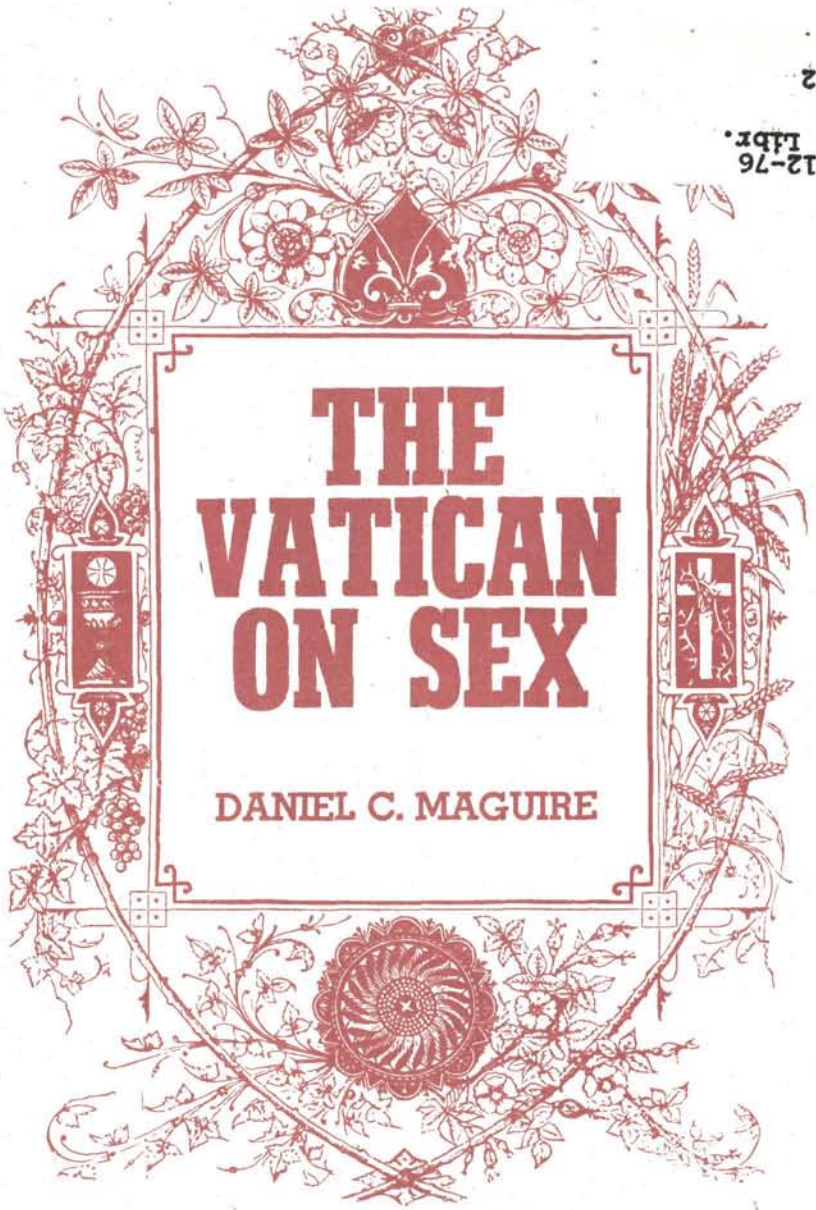

ALSO: JOHN NAVONE, SISYPHUS, ABIGAIL McCARTHY, RAYMOND BIAL, COLIN L. WESTERBECK, JR., JOHN GARVEY, LAWRENCE S. CUNNINGHAM

RELIGIOUS BOOK WEEK: CRITICS' CHOICES
CHARLES DAVIS, DOROTHY DOHEN, AVERY DULLES, MARTIN E. MARTY, JACK RIEMER, DAVID S. TOOLAN

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NEWS & VIEWS

Remember Ngo Dinh?

Back in the news is Archbishop Pierre Martin Ngo Dinh Thuc, 78, brother of the late President Ngo Din Diem of South Vietnam, and Archbishop of Hue before his exile from that country.

He's been excommunicated by Spain's Cardinal Jose M. Bueno y Monreal for ordaining five men to the priesthood and the episcopacy without authorization.

The incident took place in the town of Palmar de Troya in the Seville archdiocese. Motivation is obscure, though it seems to be related less to political than theological issues. One source associated the ordinations with a Marian apparitions cult.

The permanent commission of the Spanish Bishops' Conference has expressed its full approval of the excommunication.

Archbishop Ngo Dinh has been absent from South Vietnam since the overthrow of the Diem regime in 1963. Pope Paul relieved him of administrative authority over the Hue archdiocese in 1964. Ngo Dinh formally retired as Archbishop of Hue in 1968.

Zeroing on the B-1

Under such intriguing chapter headings as "A Bomber Obsolete Ten Years Before Its Time" and "National Security or Socialism for the Rich?," a booklet from Pacific Northwest Research Center spells out the case against the B-1 bomber and Rockwell International, its prime contractor.

It labels the B-1 an economic boondoggle—"a flying pork barrel that is no better than already-existent bombers and [with] no more military justification than a Buck Rogers comic book."

It labels Rockwell an "aerospace dinosaur" which lives and profits by "defense boondoggles." A motto ascribed to the company makes the title for the publication: *Rockwell International . . . where business gets down to the science of war.*

The case for a B-1 reduces pretty much to the fact that it is a "perfect instrument for an aggressive foreign policy" and belongs in the "Holy Trinity" of American military theology (composed of land-based missiles, sea-based missiles and bombers).

The case against it pivots on price and rationality. The first prototype models are said to have cost "more than their weight in gold," and the contemplated fleet of 244 bombers would cost an estimated $92 billion over the next 30 years.

More to the point, the B-1 just isn't needed. The U.S. military presently has 1,710 land- and sea-based missiles capable of carrying 7,274 separate nuclear weapons. If the military is allowed to deploy a fleet of new B-1s, it will expand the number of missiles to 7,566 and the number of warheads to a "mind-boggling" 13,100 —more nuclear weapons, says the booklet, than there are major cities on the face of the earth.

The booklet is published in the conviction that an aroused public can make a difference. It made a difference, after all, when it came to stopping American construction of an SST and in cutting back the Anti-Ballistic Missile System. But an aroused public must also be an informed one. Where the B-1 is concerned, the Pacific Northwest Research Center publication is a handy information tool.

It is available for $1 plus 25 cents postage from the national offices of American Friends Service Committee (1501 Sherry St., Philadelphia, Pa. 19102) or Clergy and Laity Concerned (235 East 49th St., New York, N.Y., 10017). Bulk orders at special rates are available upon request.

Sisters Speak Up

The newsletter of the National Coalition of American Nuns scores the "unhappy practice" in a number of Catholic high schools of refusing a pregnant girl the right to continue her education after she is noticeably pregnant, and advises women on such faculties to go on strike if the girl is not allowed to remain in school.

"What about the boy?" asks the Washington-based publication. "How do we support pro-life by dismissing the girls? Women do have power and if they joined together, they could make their point. Unfortunately, 'oppressed people oppress one another' and it may well be the women themselves who demand the girls' dismissal" (as distinct from faculty, pastor or board of trustees or all taken together).

That same issue of the NCAN newsletter presents an "over-kill" award for 1975 to Bishop Leo T. Maher of San Diego. Its observation:

"When His Excellency forbade the Eucharist to members of the National Organization of Women (NOW), we waited for the good bishop to do the same in the case of the American Bar Association and the American Medical Association, both of whom took in substance the same stand. But no. The ABA and AMA were not so chastened. Could it be that their membership was for the most part male rather than female?"

Home of the Free

In case you didn't catch the update on Leslie Bacon, the young woman who spent months in jail as a material witness in the Capitol bombing case, after being subpoenaed before a Seattle grand jury. . . .

According to the *Washington Post*, she was the victim of a "fishing expedition."

The *Post* quotes a former FBI official as saying: "We didn't know a damn thing. Leslie Bacon was the only thing we had and that was just a fishing expedition. She was called before a grand jury in Seattle [rather than Washington, D.C.] because we thought we were more likely to get an indictment there."

Odds and Ends

— Slips that pass in the night . . . from the bulletin of St. Patrick's Church, Stoneham, Mass.: "On Sunday (Jan. 25) at 7 p.m., the Isaac Heckler Award for efforts towards Peace and Social Justice will be given to Caesar Chavez at the Paulist Center, Boston." . . . Well, let 'em heckle Caesar, but let's render to Cesar the things that are Cesar's.

— The College Pump department of *Harvard Magazine* recalls a comment of Mary Lyman Eliot, mother of Charles William Eliot, and a Unitarian, to a friend who had just joined the Episcopal Church: "Eliza, do you kneel down in church and call yourself a miserable sinner? Neither I nor any of my family will ever do that!"

— Last issue, I recorded a Harvard newsletter's fumbling of Samuel Eliot Morison's name, in publishing a narrative that consistently spelled his name Morrison. At the time I thought of recalling an article some years back on F. Marion Crawford in a Boston College literary magazine, which throughout referred to Crawford as "she." As they say, two bloopers are funnier than one. As it developed, I didn't have to bother after all. That very issue of *Commonweal* editorialized on the Pallottine Fathers. Except, they eventuated as Pallotine. Zounds. File under "It happens in the best of you-know-what. . ." JOHN DEEDY

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CORRESPONDENCE

Frightening Message

Baltimore, Md.

To the Editors: "April 20, 1989: Fascism Comes to the U.S." by Robert Alan Cook [Jan. 16] carries a frightening message of things to come here in America. Rabbi Meir Kahane, founder of the Jewish Defense League, also warns in his book, *Never Again*, that a Hitler will arise here in the U.S. one day and exterminate the Jews and enslave the Negroes. I feel that Mr. Cook's article places too much emphasis on the food supply problem and surplus population problem and not enough on the political problems and serious economic situation in the U.S. The federal government admits that at least 8 or 9 million people will be jobless for the foreseeable future and crime rates will soar every year due to the enormous number of unemployed Negroes. People are living in fear—fear of losing their jobs, fear of criminals, fear of inflation, and last, but not least, fear of a growing leftist movement in America. This state of affairs is readymade for a Hitler to rise up and come to power by attacking "Negro Terrorism" and "Jew Communism." Right here in Baltimore, Md., there is a Nazi headquarters with hundreds of followers, and more are joining the Party daily. I fear that unless the many problems that face the U.S. can be solved soon, it is inevitable that Fascism will come to America in the near future. SIDNEY J. HARRIS

Auden's 'Didymus'

New Haven, Conn.

To the Editors: A few months ago you revealed that the late W. H. Auden published a series of pseudonymous "Lecture Notes" in *Commonweal* in 1942, which he signed "Didymus." Your readers may be interested to learn that Auden used this pseudonym agaln as late as 1966 for an essay on "Behaviour, Action and Enchantment" in

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POLITICS AND ABORTION

As we feared, abortion has become an issue in the 1976 presidential campaign in a manner that, in the long run, will add little substance and considerable bitterness to the discussion of one of the most critical moral problems of our time. Focused as it is on whether or not a candidate supports the so-called right-to-life amendment to the Constitution, this debate will: damage the liberal candidates with otherwise good social-justice records who, in spite of personal moral reservations on abortion, feel they cannot support a constitutional amendment; make those candidates who support the amendment, Wallace and Reagan, the "church's" candidates (even though Reagan signed California's easy abortion law); dissipate the political influence of the Catholic hierarchy who have had the poor judgment to make *this* issue *the* issue to test Catholic solidarity and political clout.

Abortion is a personal and social evil. With a few exceptions—like treatment of a rape victim soon after the attack or the removal of an already gravely damaged fetus (in this case anticipating nature's tendency to abort) —it is difficult to imagine abortions that do not involve varying degrees of moral guilt, personal tragedy and violence to the real or potential dignity of the human person. Abortion is failure: the parents' failure, often because of circumstances out of their control, to assume responsibility for the new life they have begun; society's failure to provide the moral and cultural environment in which each new life would be welcomed, nourished, preserved. But it is also the church's failure. Failure to understand a generation ago that family planning and artificial birth control differed radically from abortion and were not necessarily forms of sexual immorality but potentially positive means of both preserving married love and enhancing respect for life.

But we do not believe that this kind of fight for an amendment to the Constitution will correct this complex of wrongs, particularly in a society where ecumenical grass-roots opposition to abortion is neither broad nor

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deep, and the amendment would be certain of defeat. We do not approve of abortion on demand. Abortion should not be "easy"—as if it were of no more moral consequence than a flu shot or bad tooth. As far as possible abortion should be strictly regulated by state law within the unfortunate limits of the Supreme Court decision. And the bishops should try to educate the American public on the evils of abortion, as part of a broader campaign for human rights, prison reform, woman's rights, welfare reform, free lifetime medical care and full employment. But it seems to us that there is so strong a national consensus supporting the woman's "right" to abortion during the early stages of pregnancy that those Catholics who are absolutely opposed to abortion will have to learn to live with some of the evil that has followed from the Supreme Court decision as part of the cost of living in a pluralistic and secular state.

Look at the effect of the pro-life warpath strategy so far. There are few men in public life better informed on medical ethics and more dedicated to protecting and improving the quality of human life than Sargent Shriver. Yet, because Shriver recognized that we have to live with the Supreme Court decision, Iowa pro-life Catholics found Shriver not-Catholic-enough and dumped him for smooth-talking Jimmy Carter who managed to give the impression to pro-lifers that he was one of them.

It is hard to resist the impression that the church leadership imagines that here is an issue that might restore some of that old healthy "ghetto vigor" that once characterized the Latin mass-going, no-meat-on-Friday, yes-father, bloc-voting Catholic community. If so, they are mistaken. It is more likely that this single-minded shoving will simply distract both Catholics and the candidates from the broader social-justice crises, and further isolate the church from its proper role in American public life.

●●●●●●●●●●●●●●

COMMUNISM IN ITALY

THE INROADS OF MARXISM

The next Pope will have to be a non-Italian, according to many who fear that an Italian Pope in a Communist Italy would not be sufficiently free of marxist pressures to govern in the best interests of the universal Church. Marxism, with its new gospel, prophets, visions, promises, festivals and *koinonia* has become and continues to become the religion replacing Catholicism for millions of Italians. Marxism seems to be the basic source of inspiration for contemporary Italian culture. The school system, the mass media, literature, the newspapers and films make their converts annually to the marxist world-view. Marxism, paradoxically, appears to be the religion of the cultural elite and the "oppressed" proletariat. It appears to be the religion of the people and for the people, whose leaders are very much in touch with the people.

This is not the image which is projected by the church and its leaders. The church suffers from a critical communications problem, a lethal problem for any organization committed to the communication of the Good News and its saving way of life. The remoteness projected by the church leadership is aptly suggested by the papal title, "The Supreme Pontiff," by the other titles of leaders, such as "His Eminence" and "His Excellency" —all denoting a great altitude, closeness to God and a distance from man. Even the language of many church documents tends to reflect the same remoteness. Italian Catholic lay university students often express this complaint, after having examined these documents; they seriously question the value of proliferating documents whose basic content consists of commonplaces, self-evident first principles, and truisms so abstract in character as to be universally applicable to any time and place, suggesting the broad, vague vision from a lofty mountain. Crises, however, demand concreteness for their resolution.

Now that the Italian Communists are driving to win a role in the national government and in the municipal administration of Rome, the city of the Popes, concrete steps are being taken by churchmen to stop them. *The Rome Daily American*'s editor, Leo L. Wollemborg, recently interviewed Ugo Cardinal Poletti, the Pope's vicar for Rome, to learn more about the church's action to defeat the Italian Communists.

In the interview the Cardinal said that "The prospect that Italy, whose culture is so deeply steeped in Catholicism, should pin her hopes for the future to an atheistic doctrine, is a source of great sorrow and concern for all of us, from the Holy Father down." Cardinal Poletti explained that this concern "is based on matters of doctrine and is sustained by experience showing that whenever Communism wins control the church is in trouble. Here in Italy, too, where the Communists have long been in charge of local administrations, as in Emilia and Tuscany, the social welfare agencies set up by religious institutions have been gradually pushed aside and deprived even of the contributions that according to the law should accrue to all such agencies."

Last June, the Communist party, in regional and

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administrative elections polled over 33 percent of the votes, only two percent less than the long dominant Christian Democrats. With further gains in the local elections scheduled to take place next June in Rome and other areas as well as in the general election due in the spring of 1977, the Communist party could easily become the largest force in the country and would be able to press successfully its bid for a governmental coalition with the Christian Democrats.

"From then on," says a top-ranking Vatican official whom Wollemborg does not identify, "the pattern would be similar to developments in the early 1920s when fascism, after pledging to operate within a democratic, multiparty framework, went on to force upon the country an authoritarian regime. That's why we want to make it unmistakably clear that, if the Communist party should win a government role, it would happen not only against the church's wishes but over its opposition."

On November 9, in a homily delivered at St. John Lateran Square, Paul VI himself endorsed recent statements by Cardinal Poletti, expressing alarm over the spread of Communist influence in Italy and emphasizing that "Marxism in theory and Communism in practice are irreconcilable with the Gospel."

Cardinal Poletti, in the same interview, explained that, like other prelates, he was impelled "to speak up and do so most clearly by realization that, if the church remained silent, the feeling would solidify that the Communist advance is irreversible—and this is not true."

"We have still room," according to Cardinal Poletti, "for standing fast in defense of both individual and institutional freedoms, for upholding our concept of liberty sanctioned by the Italian Constitution. In fact, I have already noted that just a few, clear words can have a far-reaching echo. Many simple, well-meaning people, who had felt that the battle was lost, have awakened, have understood that it is still possible to resist. And our adversaries have been disturbed, because silence and ambiguity suit them."

In February 1974, Cardinal Poletti had organized a conference which turned into an impassioned denunciation of Rome's social ills and therefore was criticized by right-wing representatives of the Christian Democratic party which for many decades has been largely responsible for running the city's affairs. Cardinal Poletti recalled this episode: "If many Christian Democrats failed to understand or accept the Conference's true significance, the Communists have been quick to distort and exploit it by claiming that 'Poletti is on our side,' by trying to turn me into a symbol of the compromise, of the accord with them. Thus, in my case, to remain silent would have amounted to becoming an accomplice."

An unidentified Vatican monsignor, holding a key post, informed Wollemborg: "The Christian Democrats are still the main bulwark against a Communist takeover in Italy. It would be folly to encourage or countenance the formation of some other Catholic party especially at a time when any such development would automatically make the Communists the largest Italian political force. But to perform effectively, the Christian Democratic party must undergo some radical changes."

Another high-ranking Vatican official affirmed the need for new leaders able and willing to project an updated image of the party and above all to appeal to young Italians, many of whom are unfortunately attracted by the Communists. By continuing to use the arguments and methods that helped them to rally a majority of the votes in the late 1940s, the Christian Democrats are relying on spears to fight the battle of the atomic age.

Cardinal Poletti commented on the recent electoral setbacks of the Christian Democrats: "Unquestionably, this political force, which grew up on the strength of its Christian inspiration and opposition to Marxism, has been worn out by thirty years of running national affairs. Conditions in Italy, so different from those obtaining in the United States, do not allow for diverse parties to alternate in governing the country and thus for the recurrent changes and almost automatic rejuvenation that this alternation involves for the parties themselves. The Christian Democratic party needs to renew itself, to renew its programs as well as its leaders and cadres. Such a process makes for internal strains, even pitiless personal fights as it has happened among the Christian Democrats in recent months. But what has failed to emerge so far is a determination to pay more attention to the country's problems. They have not yet told the people that the party is airing its dirty linen in order to turn out clean laundry from now on. Such a clean-up operation, similar to what has taken place in the U.S. in connection with Watergate, is necessary to regain credibility and trust; therefore it must be carried out even if somebody has to foot the bill, even if many individuals have to be replaced. Actually, this becomes even more a duty when the people involved link their political appeal to a Christian inspiration."

The outcome of the last elections, according to the Cardinal, "has reflected mostly a sense of lassitude, a lack of confidence. That's why I am sure that if the Christian Democrats manage to again convince the voters of their commitment to serve concretely the people, it can recoup ground, especially on the left, that is on the most exposed and truly decisive front of the struggle now under way in Italy."

Cardinal Poletti did not single out the Christian Democratic party as the only one that should be backed by voters opposed to Communism: "I am not sharing the views of those who in Italian political jargon are termed 'integralistic.' I acknowledge that there are

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other parties, beside the Christian Democrats, which are sincerely devoted to democratic principles and respectful of all human values. Yet those who look for inspiration and guidance to Christian teaching are convinced that it can provide a full and adequate answer to all the problems of mankind."

The Italian Catholic hierarchy and Episcopal Conference, it would appear, will issue more pressing appeals for a mobilization of Catholic voters against the rise of Communist power and influence as the next crucial elections draw nearer. Their ability to communicate effectively will be of critical importance; such ability will reflect the extent to which they are in touch with their people, with their concrete problems, values, aspirations, sensitivities and language. In this respect, there is much to learn from studying the successful growth and dynamic appeal of Italy's rival "religion."

JOHN NAVONE

(Father John Navone, S.J., is a member of the faculty of the Gregorian University, Rome.)

WASHINGTON REPORT

'TYRANNY OF THE INCUMBENCY'

The state of the Congress, like the state of the Nation, draws concern and prescriptions these days. But not any or all proposed remedies are helpful. Some, indeed, are unhelpful.

Recently, these pages have described some of what is wrong. Overall, Congress has alienated itself from both a consistent understanding of economic and social problems and from their solutions. Currently, the Congress dwells in the outskirts of the nation's good feelings, although this observation needs a prompt modification. Americans often are heard knocking the Congress, yet somehow finding simultaneous nice things to say about their own elected representatives in the House and the Senate. "My guy is ok. It's the other guys who aren't," is how one House member has chosen to characterize the situation.

Nevertheless, there has been improvement. As the number of new members in the Congress has risen (approaching two-thirds), the institution itself has responded. Administratively, the Congress has sought to improve its operations by passing a major legislative reorganization act five years ago. This has helped, if for no other reason than a bit more congressional business is being done in public. Electorally, the Congress in 1974 enacted a federal campaign-financing act, major portions of which have survived a challenge to it by an unlikely set of challengers, Senator Buckley of New York and former Senator Eugene McCarthy. Late last month, the Supreme Court upheld major sections of the campaign-financing act. Legislatively, in a move to reclaim authority in fiscal matters, the House of Representatives and the Senate each established for itself a permanent budget committee in an effort to provide a rational apparatus by which to govern the authorization and appropriation of funds. Also, to the unhappiness of Secretary of State Kissinger, the Congress sought to reclaim its responsibility in foreign policy. One such effort was passage of the 1973 War Powers Resolution, enacted over President Nixon's veto. It restricts the duration of commitment of armed forces in hostilities or hostility-prone situations, unless there is first a declaration of war approved by the Congress, as used to happen in the good old days when the President was obliged to, and did share his foreign-policy inclinations with the Congress—that is, Presidents abided by the dictates of the Constitution.

In sum, the sleeping federal legislature has roused itself in recent years to better duty. Not ever decisively, because, critics should keep in mind, the Congress is a federal, not a national legislature, as is the British Parliament. As a federal legislature, its 535 members will always act from time to time as if each is running a competitive mom-and-pop grocery store.

Yes, more improvements are needed. But not all of these, such as the ill-health of the two major political parties, can be legislated into being. For example, the congressional Republican party includes at most three-dozen consistently liberal-moderate members. For many years, they have banded together for protection and solace under the name of the "Wednesday Club." But, already, nine of these Republicans have announced they are not running for reelection this year. And one Republican, Rep. Hastings of upstate New York, a four-termer, simply upped and resigned last month. Hastings said he was so frustrated he didn't choose even to finish out the remaining half of his two-year term.

Sometimes, too, friends of congressional reform overdo themselves. There is currently an effort underway to reform constituent-mailing operations of members of Congress and, ultimately, to eliminate the political activities of members' staffs. In the 1960s, U.S. Rep. Bolling (D-Mo.), the feisty reformer, referred in one of his books to the "tyranny of the incumbency." It was an apt description, at the time. It is not a wholly accurate description now—due, in part, to improvements already described.

It is difficult, even if desirable, to separate activities in congressional offices that bear on assistance to con-

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stituents. There is obviously, however defensible, a strong motive of self-interest by a member of Congress that generates assistance to constituents. But this was meant to be, ever since Congress first convened. Computers enable Senators and House members to send thousands of letters under a "frank"—that is, without cost to the members—each year to constituents who have been classified in a variety of ways: their vocations, their interests, their public likes and dislikes, etc. Letters, often accompanied by reprints of a member's speech on the subject, may be sent, as to lawyer-constituents explaining to them the merits and demerits of a pending bill—e.g., S.1, a proposed massive overhaul of the federal criminal justice code. This is a service, which, also, the member of Congress hopes will be remembered on the next Election Day. Officials, from precinct to state party chairman, of the same political party as a Senator may be listed on a computerized mailing list and sent information about pending legislation that would amend the federal campaign-election statutes. These party officials may be asked to read the material and share their responses with the Senator. Supporters of a Senator may be on a computerized mailing list, at their request, so that they can receive each press release and position paper issued by him. This causes as much grief as anything for the Senator, because his supporters at the last election often disagree with him on subsequent major legislative positions he has taken. All these are defensible, although outside reformers are beginning to disagree. True, there are instances of abuses of the computerized mailing system, maintained by federal employes paid with federal funds. One hypothetical example would be sending under the "frank" birthday greetings to VIPs in a member's state. But such an action can be administratively prohibited. However, the overwhelming majority of mailings are valid, although, of course, it reflects a "marriage" of self-interest and public-interest by which constituents are informed of legitimate public matters by their elected members of Congress, who, in turn, hope they are remembered on Election Day by these same constituents. What is improper about this?

It is preferable that the advantage of an incumbency be curtailed in an election year not by infringing on a Senator's ability to communicate with constituents during his term, an obligation James Madison and others emphasized at the Constitutional Convention. Instead, an incumbent's opponents should be granted the same mailing privilege during a general campaign. For example, incumbent and opponent should be authorized to send one or two newsletters mailed simultaneously during the general-election campaign.

There are a number of other ways by which the imbalance between incumbent and challenger can be redressed—not by curtailing activities of incumbents during their terms, but by extending to nominated challengers the advantages that presently only sitting members have. It would be complicated, but a similar rebalance could be established for primary as well as general election campaigns.

Any effort to redress an innate imbalance between office-holder and challenger is better directed toward affording the latter during a campaign the privileges of the former, rather than by hobbling an office-holder during his term after he's won majority support of his constituents in the general election. The Congress is a political institution. Its members are "winners." Perhaps winners shouldn't be permitted to take all, but certainly they, as elected representatives in a political body, should be afforded a reasonably long leash.

More and more, as has been noted in previous columns, the tendency is to compel people to do everything that they're not forbidden from doing. The ground for self-decision, and with it self-responsibility, is shrinking these days, without as well as within politics.

Proponents of fairer election campaigns—an admirable objective—should remember a hazard in securing equity by exclusive reliance upon statute, a hazard albeit described by a royalist in politics, the poet, T.S. Eliot. He cautioned against those "dreaming of systems so perfect, no one needs to be good."

SISYPHUS

JACK LINDEMAN

THEN AND NOW

What do we carry
being robbers
of our meditations,
having no masters
but ourselves,
bringers of wind
with our words
& our bare skins
imprinted like parchment
with the language
of the sun?

I wonder at origins,
the fabulous seed
shaped at a depth
beneath diamonds
& our nakedness
unashamed
in the dungeon
of the womb.
Thus angelic
we languished
like roots.

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STRUGGLE WITH THE TRANSCENDENT

ABIGAIL McCARTHY

He was very soul-weary—that priest in the Antipodes—and angry, too. He hadn't really liked coming to meet an American, even one with fairly good credentials in the anti-war movement and ecumenism. He subscribed, I think, quite uncritically to the picture of the United States, current in world church circles, as "Amerika," imperialistic harbor of oppressive institutions, of devout capitalists who deliberately exploit the Third World—a picture half-right, half-wrong, but it would have been useless to protest the caricature.

We found some common ground in our opposition to French nuclear testing in the South Pacific, but he was quick to add that the United States was up to the same kind of thing: pouring money into the Marianas to subvert the people so that they would vote to join us, and give us a base for atomic missiles. I pleaded ignorance of what was going on in the Marianas, and the talk drifted to his recent visit to Bangladesh. He spoke movingly of the misery and starvation he had seen and vehemently of the corruption which prevented foreign relief from reaching the people. But, underlying every word, one sensed the drag of that affliction of middle life which spiritual writers used to call acedia.

He brightened only once—when he spoke of the peace and happiness he had found with the brothers of Taizé in one of the most wretched quarters in which they made their home. The monks of the ecumenical monastery of Taizé in France have come very slowly and gradually into the world of Christian activism. At first they went out from Taizé, where they practiced contemplation and celebration, in two's and three's to other communities so that they could be present searching for communion. That "being present" was very much like the mute but speaking presence of Charles de Foucauld among the Bedouins. But, little by little, constrained by the love of Christ, they have turned to participation in the "community of righteousness and mercy" as it was called in the recent Boston Affirmations. But a limited participation. "They want to know the theological implications of an action," the priest said, "If they cannot see one, they will not take part."

As far as one can glimpse the struggle of another, I think the weary priest contended with the Zeitgeist, as we all must do at times. To quote from a paper prepared at the Institute for Ecumenical and Cultural studies: "Our culture is characterized by the strong influence of those in philosophy, the theater, poetry and the novel who—with penetration and insight—look into life and find nothing. To them, there is no ultimate reality beyond life, no God, and to them life, if taken seriously enough, ends in nothing . . . [the nothingness] once the private preserve of mystics has become in our culture the experience of every thinking person."

Secondly, he contended, I think, with the bone-weariness which overtakes the faithful man or woman who puts his or her whole effort into active service. The evil and indifference to be overcome are simply too great. And so he looked, unable to share, but with wonder and appreciation at the fruit of a different way, the way of Taizé. The nothingness is overcome there. Prior Roger Schuetze, founder and present leader of the monastery had addressed himself to the subject only the month before:

> "There is a call rising from the depths of God's people, asking us to bring joy where the Church is discouraged. Not any kind of joy, but a *joy of communion*.
>
> "In the presence of trials and difficulties—those of people at large, or those of the Church, or of our own—each of us has the choice of two ways. Pain and anguish can be turned against ourselves in bitterness. And then everything is lost.
>
> "Or else, and for the Christian this is the only way, our hurt and sadness can change gradually into a serene joy, into praise of love—the love of Christ. Then everything becomes possible once more in the quest to become women and men in communion. You see, the risen Christ comes to quicken a festival in the innermost heart of man."

The present ecumenical and theological controversy in this country called attention to, first by the Hartford Appeal, and then this month by the Boston Affirmations, centers on this problem of transcendence and its relationship to Christian action, especially the political action we call liberation.

It occurs to me that those who see the preoccupation with the transcendent, or to be more concrete and explicit, with the science of prayer as an escape, or an effort to avoid the struggle for justice, are not reading the signs aright. The great interest in the charismatic movement, in the eastern religions, bespeaks a need we cannot ignore—a need at the very heart of man.

"By every test," writes Walter Ong, "it would seem that, in the dialogue between the secular and the religious, it is the latter which speaks with the more personal voice, at least in the Hebraic-Christian tradition." Our God speaks with the voice of a Person. It is a Person who is to us the way, the truth, and the life. We are to see him in other persons.

(Continued on page 158)

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THE VATICAN ON SEX

DANIEL C. MAGUIRE

The Declaration does not do justice to the subject or to Catholic moral tradition

Contrary to the celebrated witticism of Earl Butz, the Pope *should* speak about sex. Sex is too rich in personal and societal significance to be ignored by the spokesmen of any sensitive moral tradition. As May and Abraham Edel note, sex "is part of the most central nexus of human social interrelationships." Catholic Christianity should address it from its specific historical perspectives. When it does so, however, it should do better than the Vatican's recent *Declaration on Certain Questions Concerning Sexual Ethics* which does not do justice either to the subject or to the Catholic tradition.

Not that the Declaraion is devoid of all value. It does concern itself with the serious implications of the sexual encounter in an age when sex has moved from taboo to calisthenics, from mystery to banality, as it is stripped of all mystcial and symbolic power. The Declaration also confirms that persons should "discover by the light of their own intelligence the values innate in their nature." It stresses the reality of guilt in a time when feigned and strained innocence is fashionable. It hits at the vacuity of the notion that science is the only legitimate form of knowledge. It rejects the normative value of current custom thus championing the right to dissent from the reigning fads and deities. And it repeats the affirmative of Vatican II that everyone, including "children and young people have a right to be encouraged to weigh moral values with an upright conscience, and to embrace them by personal choice. . ."

But the merit of the document is outweighed by what it did not do or did poorly. Serious criticism is in order, though this is not what the Vatican invited. Criticism, however, should be preferred to the shrug of the many who will dismiss this intervention as another show of archaism proffered by the reigning Vatican theological clique. In our actual context, criticism is and should be seen as a conservative response.

1. The Vatican's Declaration was conceived in secrecy. To say the least, it is not the fairest offspring to issue from the ecumenical nuptials. Non-Catholic Christians might repair with confusion to the words of Vatican II: "Nor should we forget that whatever is wrought by the grace of the Holy Spirit in the hearts of our separated brethren can contribute to our own edification." There is no evidence that any edification was perceived as needed or sought in the preparation of this document.

The Declaration also symbolized the post-Vatican II tendency of the hierarchy to ignore "whatever is wrought by the grace of the Holy Spirit in the hearts of" Catholic theologians, not all of whom could be operating without grace. Acted out here is what Pope Paul, on October 1, 1966, told a group of theologians in Rome, viz. that the magisterium could teach and protect the faith without the help of theologians *(absque sacrae Theologiae auxilio),* relying on the assistance of the Holy Spirit. (This very statement was a theological statement, which shows the impossibility of escape from theology and its evaluations wherever the faith is taught and explained.) Thus it is not surprising that the Declaration is outside the mainstreams of contemporary Catholic reflection on the nature of ethics and on the meaning of sexuality. In effect, it manages to represent only one view, and that an extremist one, from the many legitimate theologies operating in today's Catholicism. This does not mean that the Declaration should

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not be studied and taken seriously, since every view deserves a hearing, but it does mean that its limits should be faced. This in-house document was preceded by no known effort to consult with the broad range of Catholic theologians throughout the world. One can only conclude that consultation was sought only where concurrence with this particular view was anticipated.

2. The Declaration admits to being an intervention in the field of ethics. Ethics is the art-science which seeks to bring sensitivity and method to the discernment of moral values. When churchmen enter herein, as they should to explore and share their experience and beliefs, they must know that they have not created this enterprise, nor can they claim immunity from the criticism and dialogue that is of its essence. Their skills in ethics will limit or enhance their contribution.

On the side of ethical method, the Declaration has serious deficiencies. To cite some of them: it departs from the tradition of ethical realism by separating the idea of moral "disorder" from the notion of harm. Thus it ends up considering as seriously wrong many things which are not seriously harmful. This is nominalism, which the Catholic tradition in its high moments roundly rejected. The Declaration also overestimates the universalizability of principles and norms, ignoring the Thomistic insight that the more you take practical moral principles into the particularities of life, the more likely you are to find exceptions to them. *(Summa Theologica* I II, q. 94, a.4, a.5) It also fails to recognize that moral principles are in dialogue with the concrete, empirical human context, and that any claim to infallibility in morals would imply a claim to divine comprehensive knowledge of the morally meaningful circumstances of every case. Empirical and cultural variations matter not to the Declaration, but they matter much to any realistic ethics which seeks moral meaning whether found in principle or in context. By its aloofness from the empirical base of ethics, the Declaration departs again from Aquinas who knew that "human actions are good or evil according to the circumstances." (I II q. 18, a.3) Finally, the Declaration uses philosophical tools such as *nature, dignity,* and *finality* with no apparent recognition of the tedious but necessary distinctions needed to ease the abstractness of these terms and identify the cultural presuppositions with which they are inevitably freighted.

3. The Declaration has no room for doubt or ambiguity in its conclusions. Its authors should return to what Aristotle said in his *Nichomachean Ethics:* "In studying this subject we must be content if we attain as high a degree of certainty as the matter of it admits." Since ethics does not enjoy the precision of much of science, "we must be satisfied with a rough outline of the truth" and not look for more precision than is available. This, he said, is "a mark of the educated man and a proof of his culture." There is little of this intellectual modesty in the Declaration which proclaims the objective immorality of all masturbation, homosexual love-making, and premarital sex wherever it may be, in any context, yesterday, today, and forever.

4. The idea of hell is not spoken of in the Declaration but it is insistently present there by ominous implication. Hell, in Vatican theology, would still be fundamentalistically conceived as a state of unending vindictive punishment awaiting those who die in mortal sin. Other theological interpretations of that dogma are not entertained in those quarters. Therefore, let masturbators and pre-marital or homosexual lovemakers take heed. Their credentials for eternal punishment are ready and in order.

The Declaration allows that in the sexual order full and free responsibility may not always be present and so sexual acts outside of marriage may not always be seriously sinful. But it goes on to stress that full and free responsibility may indeed be present and mortal sins may regularly be committed. Thus does hell loom. This reflects the allocution of Pope Pius XII on March 23, 1952 in which he said that it is erroneous to think that even in the young passion is ordinarily sufficient to take away grave guilt.

The image of God fares poorly in bad theology, as in this instance God is put in the position of vindictively allocating massive retaliation for sexual acts many of which do no perceptible harm. In the eyes of sensitive people, this could only make the God of Love into a God of atrocity.

5. In the Declaration, the Vatican returns to its long favored technique of the abominable straw man. While commending some educators, teachers, and moralists for a proper treatment of sexual ethics, the document alludes to the presence out there of some unnamed persons who "have gone so far as to favor a licentious hedonism." As a practicing educator, teacher, and moralist, I might state for the record that I have as yet found none of my peers in theological ethics thematically committed to a licentious hedonism.

6. A rather perplexing concept of charismatic gift is implicit in the theology of this declaration. In Catholic theology, celibacy has been seen in the term of Vatican II as "a precious gift." When speaking of sexual continence, Jesus said: "It is not everyone who can accept what I have said, but only those whom it is granted." (Matt. 19:11) Speaking of his own celibacy, St. Paul says: "I should like everyone to be like me, but everybody has his own particular gifts from God, one with a gift for one thing, and another with a gift for the opposite." (1 Cor. 7:7)

Yet when we move with the Declaration to homosexual persons, for example, the precious gift is normative and a necessary condition for salvation. (The same holds true for persons who are, for good reasons, pre-marriageable

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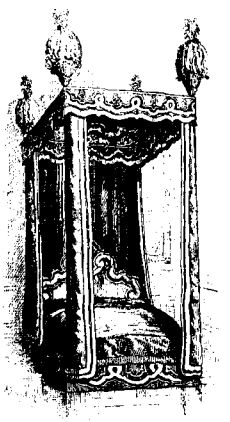
but sexually mature.) For the heterosexual person the Declaration recalls St. Paul's practical advice that it is better to marry than to burn. For homosexual and pre-marriageable persons, there is no alternative to burning . . . unless, of course, they are all charismatically gifted.

Since it is clear that the Declaration holds that homosexuals can sin, and thus that they have the power not to sin, a question arises. If celibacy is mandatory and feasible for homosexual persons, is their state a charismatically graced one, and are they endowed by the Creator with gifts of containment only rarely given to heterosexual persons?

7. Finally, on the subject of masturbation, is it not past time to declare a moratorium on the discussion of that subject in Catholic ethics? In doing this would we not be but taking the lead from scripture where we find no direct and clear reference to the subject in all of the Old or New Testament. If anything had to be said on the subject, the Declaration might have followed the Most Reverend Francis Simon in his *Cross Currents* article in 1966 when he was Bishop of Indore, India. He said that masturbation might be seen as a "cure for con-



cupiscence." In his words, "it avoids protracting the tension for lengthy periods of time and thus avoids filling the young mind with a morbid preoccupation with sex." In this view, then, masturbation would seem to be one way of fulfilling some of the goals of the Declaration.

What might have been . . .

The Vatican Declaration was an attempt to respond to the growing difficulties of bishops, pastors and faithful in discovering a wholesome sexual ethics. It is unfortunate that these people feel so bereft since the Catholic tradition itself has much to offer in the solution of moral quandaries. The system of Probabilism, for example, came into being to relieve situations where there is doubt and where people disagree on what is moral. Complex as the development of this system was, it can be summed up intelligibly and simply as it was by Henry Davis, S.J., in his *Moral and Pastoral Theology*:

> In its ultimate analysis, Probabilism is common sense; it is a system used in practical doubt by the majority of mankind. People rightly say: I am not going to debate all day before acting in doubtful matters; there must be some very obvious way of making up my mind. At all events, if I cannot make up my mind for myself, I will act as some good people act, though many other good people might disapprove. That practical solution of doubt is common sense, and it is Probabilism.

The common sense of Probabilism is obviously relevant to the very issues taken up by the Declaration.

Beyond this, there are opportunities today for positive and creative thought regarding marriage that the Declaration in its woeful mood could not see. Though attitudes are changing today, the situation is not one of galloping licentiousness. Morton Hunt in his extensive study *Sexual Behavior in the 1970's*, which was published by Playboy Press, reports that promiscuous sex "is not typical of the great mass of single young people." He says too that "sexual liberation has not dismantled the romantic-passionate concept of sex and replaced it with the recreational one. . . ." For most Americans, especially the young, "sex remains intimately allied to their deepest emotions and inextricably interwoven with their conceptions of loyalty, love and marriage." What is needed now is not a hackneyed list of nays but an imaginative response to the real desire for a better experience of sex and marriage.

What is sex? Sex is so many things from the instinctual to the symbolic that all witnesses to its meaning must be welcomed. In one way it reflects the nonrational and utterly physical in us. In sexual intercourse, as Sidney Callahan put it in *Beyond Birth Control*, "the couple can be refreshed by participating in one of the fountains of reality, irrational instinct." Sexual pleasure, she says, is a way "of recovering and enjoying the unconscious dimensions of man which are not tapped in rational, purposive activity like work or abstract thought."

Sex is also a natural liturgy. Aside from giving physical release and restoration, it reaches for the spirit. As liturgy it is quite comparable to another natural liturgy, the meal. Persons who dine together are not just intent on the devouring of proteins and carbohydrates. The table is not a trough. We do not, normally, invite people there because they are notoriously hungry. Proteins and carbohydrates they will find, but these are the substratum of so much more that is symbolized when humans eat. The food is actually but a small percentage of what may happen at a meal; it is not merely an ingestion event. Love and respect are also components of human eating. Personal eating is social and socializing. If this seems detachedly poetic, then consider what happens when you eat with someone you seriously dislike. The subsequent indigestion will bear witness to the need for more than foodstuffs and a table to make a meal.

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Similarly, sex meets special physical needs such as relaxation, release, and distraction. Sometimes it will do little more than this. But there is a power in sex that will out. It is a symbol which both signifies and effects friendship. It is personally as well as physically interpenetrating and copulating. It has the power to engender and express endearing emotions and exquisitely personal expectations. This, of course, will vary culturally and circumstantially, but in no culture does sex remain frivolous and merely physical. Sex can not easily be reduced to "screwing."

Of course, it is quite possible to have sex and keep the spiritual elements in abeyance just as it is possible to eat with strangers. (Eating with strangers consistently, however, would make them something other than strangers.) There may even be a protracted period of purely recreational sex as Bronislaw Malinowski saw among the Trobrianders, but even with the Trobrianders the intimatizing force of sexuality is eventually felt. As a drive for intimacy, sex is serious. And intimacy is a variegated phenomenon that stretches from the sex organs to the heart and even to the mind. Contemporary sexual naiveté is missing much of this. Grandmotherly admonitions to stop masturbating obviously do not meet the needs or opportunities of these times.

What is marriage? Marriage may be described as the ultimate form of friendship achievable between sexually attracted persons. Friendship is the paramount term in that description. Sex modifies it and gives it its special mode. There is sex and there is more than sex to conjugal friendship. Walter Lippmann wrote years ago that "Love endures only when the lovers love many things together and not merely each other." Teilhard de Chardin also addressed the need of a marriage to be more than a form of joint egoism. ". . . great friendships are formed in the pursuit of an ideal, in defense of a cause, in the ups-and-downs of research. Their development is not so much a permeation of 'one by the other' as a joint progress through a new world." Thus Teilhard could see chastity as "a virtue of participation and conquest, and not a schooling in restriction and avoidance." Perhaps we are all primitives in thinking what marriage means, but thoughts such as these point the way to better ground.

Here is where the Vatican document could have spoken meaningfully in pointing out the resources of Christian moral idealism and the shaping of the "new world." Like the encyclical *Humanae Vitae*, the Declaration on Sexual Ethics had good intentions. *Humanae Vitae* saw that love, to be genuine, must be fruitful and creative. It did not see that, although children are a unique and marvelous form of marital fruitfulness, there are other creative expressions of married love. The Declaration wanted to react to superficial and trivial approaches to sex, but it bogged down in its own negativities.

Sin can, of course, be amply present in the sexual arena, but as Teilhard said: "The gravity of offenses against love . . . is not that they outrage some sort of modesty or virtue. It is that they fritter away by neglect or lust, the universe's reserves of personalization." Homosexual love-making and pre-marital sex may or may not be evil, depending on their circumstances and meaning. They may or may not fritter away the universe's reserves of personalization. They may augment those reserves. The Declaration's absorption in denying the latter possibility *a priori* distracts it from its proper task . . . to witness to the strengths of Catholic Christianity where these strengths are relevant to the moral evolution of sexuality and marriage.

Anthropologist Ralph Linton stresses the enduring nature of the family. He writes: "The ancient trinity of father, mother, and child has survived more vicissitudes than any other human relationship. It is the bedrock underlying all other family structures. . . . In the Götterdämerung which overwise science and overfoolish statesmanship are preparing for us, the last man will spend his last hours searching for his wife and child." This is a warming thought until we realize that he is predicting a Götterdämerung. Toward avoiding that apocalyptic end, it bears heavily upon all of us to let all wisdom converge on the essentials of our faltering socialization. The foundational reality of sex is one place to begin.

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ANNE HIGGINS

ELIZABETH SETON

Proud straight woman
with the snapping eyes,
you had to look up
to your benefactors.
You had to sail oceans
to make up your mind,
and lose all your lace
to be stubborn.
You had to be cold
in a damp stone house,
rubbing your hands together
before you could play
that piano,
and you had to wear blac'
enough
to understand.
Proud loving woman,
pulled into heaven
between last minute
reminders
to earth!

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A TRIP DOWN CANNERY ROW

RAYMOND BIAL

There remain numbers of people who have been reduced to refugees

Like refugees from a natural disaster or some foreign war, they bunched together toward the open accordion doors of the two yellow school buses. Nervous fingers itched with the wrinkled necks of paperbag lunches. Though the sun was baking the pavement, sweaters and light jackets for the chill ride home were either wadded carelessly or folded neatly in bent arms. Buttons displaying work numbers were pinned to blouses and shirts. An old man in faded overalls had stuck his button to his New York Yankees baseball cap. He gnawed complacently on a cud of Redman chewing tobacco tucked inside his cheek and glanced vacantly about. A younger woman with hair scissored off to the ears and into raggedy bangs at the forehead was so deformed that she seemed wedged into her sleeveless blouse and pedal pushers. Obese women, skin chalked by their overload of starch consumption, huffed in the close heat, looking as if they had been dumped like mashed potatoes into their cheap print dresses. One boy, in t-shirt dazzling white against the sun, spoke proudly of his previous experience in the canneries—in a syrup-heavy voice that sounded like a victrola set a speed too slow.

Nearly a hundred of these people entered the bus, one by one, as the State Employment Services representative counted them off. Although they were all Americans, I still looked upon them as refugees. In a philosophical sense, they were perhaps displaced from themselves as they climbed shamefacedly out of the small-town holes that passed for apartments or out of some shack in the woods where they were hidden from the world and wishfully from themselves. In an economic sense, they reminded me of Jack Kerouac's reference to a poor, aged hitch-hiker trying to survive in the "penniless wilds." It is often difficult for people settled in a comfortable home and secure position to realize that there is that other world, an actual wilderness. Despite advances in social legislation and more progressive social attitudes, that wilderness still exists. For personal, first-hand evidence, one need only visit the lobby of the closest Greyhound bus station, that place where so many people try to escape one hardship by riding on the dream that another location and a fresh start will eventually bring them happiness.

During a short stint working in a cannery in the Midwest, I came upon many of these modern displaced persons who were working to harvest and can sweet-corn, tomatoes, and pumpkin for the minimum wage. However, the climate in which they worked in no way matched the romanticized versions of Stokeleyville, U.S.A., portrayed in popular television commercials. Though herded onto the bus for the twenty-mile ride north to the cannery, each of these people, to me, possessed a unique set of credentials (not Bankamericard, credit cards, membership in the country club, gleaming car with sun denting off the chrome and angles, or even money), but there was something in their eyes—that soft luster that told one that these people had been properly humbled. With clothes drained of color, knotted fingers, aged hands wobbling from the wrist, throats that warbled uncontrollably, moth-eaten sweaters natty with balls of fuzz, or workshoes clumped onto the wheelwells, they rode the yellow bus that lumbered up the highway like some primeval animal taken to the road. Nearly all of these people expressed some handicap—old age, near-retardation, a crippled foot, or simply a physical or emotional fragility that prevented them from competing for a better position.

At the cannery, these local seasonal laborers mingled with Mexican-American migrant workers, most of whom had just arrived from harvesting crops in Texas. From there most of these migrants would move north to Michigan to pick fruit, then down to Florida to harvest later crops. But generally, somehow, their plight did not unsettle me as much as that of the local folks who had been dredged up from God-knows-where to perform this very hard and unpopular work. They were mostly young and healthy and their predicament was clearly the result of discrimination. But what about the people who simply are not physically, mentally, or emotionally able to compete for better positions? As I listened to a popular Chicago radio station, I frequently heard the DJ cracking jokes about "losers." What the hell is a loser? Why should a society as rich as ours have any losers? Is that how a competitive system really works? If so, it is not only the most un-Christian value

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ever held, but one of the most anti-Christian. While sweating at my machine, alongside these people, taking breaks with them, sharing lunch and bumming cigarettes, I recalled reading a Saul Bellow comment that skid row *purposely* borders Wall Street. An attractive poverty would too threaten that business ethos.

I had always appreciated the Olympics and certain forms of sports competition, but the work in the cannery was no game. Leaving the employment office at 3:30 gave us just enough time to get to the cannery, unload, and punch in at the plant at 4:30 (no one was paid for the driving time). The cannery itself was humid with steam from the cookers, noisy with the mad clank of tin cans routed down pipes to sealing machines, and virtually all available space in the building was jammed with contorted metal machinery that more closely resembled medieval torture devices. People worked—either on the line or tending various machines. Since this was the second and last shift of the day we had to work until all the corn that had been picked that day was processed—sometimes until three or four in the morning. We were paid time-and-a-half but that added to a base pay of $2.10 still isn't much. But, of more concern, after the noise, monotony and exertion of ten to twelve hours, many people were so destroyed they couldn't have given a damn about anything. When quitting time finally arrived, they struggled back to the bus with zombied expressions on their faces and I cynically thought how the employment service, which was originally so concerned about getting people onto the bus, had no interest whatsoever in whether these same people got home or not. On several occasions, people who were late finishing up their work were actually left behind—twenty-plus miles from their homes with little traffic on the road, let alone taxi service or public transportation. More tragically, they were stranded after having worked a full shift.

I watched the people, now in sweaters or ratty jackets bunched at the collars, huddled in stiff L-shaped seats. Though there hadn't been much talk on the way to work, near-silence now prevailed—occasionally a muffled whisper, but mostly just the dreary hum of the bus tires on the pavement. When a car passed us, its headlamps momentarily flooded the shell of the bus interior. Though most people continued to wrestle for sleep, a few would look up and their eyes, like an animal's when caught on the road in a car's headlights, leaked silver. There was much poetry in these moments—in timid sidelong glances, in an old woman's sweater lapels meekly held together in bunched fingers, old couples hands entwined and snoring in rough unison, and occasionally someone crying. Although these were among the most destitute people I had ever met, they were not a miserable poor. Even when a hack cough flashed in the black silence of the bus, I kept thinking of Van Gogh and particularly his sketch and later painting in which he depicted European peasants, *The Potato Eaters*. I also thought of Dostoyevsky's discovery of such beauty in the poor. I think there is more than just a little significance in the fact that these two men, among other artists and thinkers, who achieved the highest distinction in civilization, possessed so much respect and dedicated so much of their attention to the weakest, poorest, least accomplished people.

It has always struck me as the ultimate irony that those most damaged, and therefore most sensitive, are forced into the hardest labor. After working a full night in the cannery, I was ready to drop in my tracks and I continually wondered how these people harassed by ill health and various disabilities, ever made it. It was also ironic that the canning companies, desperately in need of labor, did everything short of paying a decent wage to acquire seasonal labor and that the workers performed much harder tasks for much less pay than virtually all other workers in the country.

One of my last nights in the cannery, the bus driver, a small man about the size and shape of a fireplug, got drunk on Thunderbird wine at the 10:30 P.M. dinner break and on the way home couldn't keep the bus on the road. The right front tire kept hitching off the edge of the asphalt; other times the driver's vision was so blurred he slowed up and even stopped right in the middle of the road. During one of these unscheduled "rests" about half the passengers, fearful for their lives, disembarked, choosing to find their own ways home at 2:00 in the morning in the heart of the empty plains. During the remainder of the ride home, the old man in overalls and baseball cap sat on the edge of the front seat and grabbed the steering wheel each time the bus headed for the shoulder.

During the weeks I was working in the canneries, I spent my mornings trying to escape by watching TV, but soon became nauseated with the game shows and giveaways. I was also sickened by the phenomenal salaries paid to professional athletes and film stars—not to mention those in business and the professions. The contrast with the conditions in which I was working was just too startling.

Memories of bent people tending machines in sweat-blackened clothes will always upset me. If I came out of that experience with any conclusion, it was that our society, which still places so much emphasis upon competition, does not realize that the real beauty does not reside in pageants or pro-football games, but in its poorest members. Despite our technological advances—and in part because of those advances—there remain numbers of people who have been reduced to aliens, genuine refugees in a country that professes to afford sanctuary to these same people. It may be an often used gauge, but if Christ were to come among us again today, we would find him, not sitting in the stadiums, but mingling with people who are strangers to most of us.

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THE SCREEN

Like Blake's tiger, François Truffaut's career has been framed with "fearful symmetry." His filmography is a veritable ark of movies, each film having its mate, its opposite number, somewhere else in his work. Having begun his feature work with *The 400 Blows*, which takes a sympathetic view of an incorrigible boy, Truffaut ten years later made *The Wild Child*, which sympathizes with an adult's efforts to tame an incorrigible boy. Having based *Jules and Jim* on Henri-Pierre Roche's novel about two men in love with the same woman, ten years after that Truffaut made *Two English Girls*, based on the same writer's novel about two women in love with the same man. For every force at work in Truffaut's imagination, there is an equal and opposite counter-force. He is the supreme dialectician of life, finding always within himself the antithesis for every thesis.

The result is that, the further along Truffaut's career progresses, the harder it is to respond to any new film by itself. Each work is so richly entangled with all the films that have preceded it, it seems Truffaut's whole career must be reviewed with each new film that appears. And if one has liked that past work very much, it becomes harder and harder even to suppose that one might dislike some new film. There are more and less important films in Truffaut's filmography, but there are no bad films. There can't be, not now that he has come this far. (On recent re-seeing, even *The Soft Skin*, which I had always thought of as his least successful film, redeemed itself surprisingly in the context of his other work.) This all-or-nothing attitude which Truffaut's work seems to demand is of course the attitude he himself took toward filmmakers when he was a critic. His own filmmaking stands as justification for the "politique des auteurs" he proposed at *Cahiers du Cinema* over twenty years ago.

Part of what makes *The Story of Adele H.* moving, then, is just its resonances with Truffaut's earlier work. Based on diaries that were left behind by Victor Hugo's daughter Adele, the film recounts her disastrous love for a British cavalry officer when she was young. Unable to bear his rejection of her, she followed him to Halifax, Nova Scotia, where his regiment was garrisoned; and when it was transferred to Barbados in the West Indies, she pursued him there as well. In the interim, she dogged him with letters, visits and threats in Halifax, she ruined his engagement to a local woman, and she finally drove herself into a state of both destitution and distraction. What fascinates Truffaut in this tragic story are the same revelations of human nature that have preoccupied him for years: the contrasts between private and public life, between romantic aspiration and daily reality, between indoors and outdoors.

The most persistent imagery in Truffaut's films is that of windows. A window is a place where outdoors and indoors—nature and civilization—meet. It is a place where each of them can be seen from the perspective of the other. It is also the place where our private lives become public, where our immured acts can be glimpsed from the street, or can break out of their concealment and confinement. In film after film—*Jules and Jim, Love at Twenty, Bed and Board, Two English Girls, Day for Night*—we find people confronting each other out windows that face across some open terrain. In *Adele H.* one of the more pitiful scenes occurs when Adele (Isabelle Adjani) follows her faithless Lt. Pinson (Bruce Robinson) on a rendezvous he has with another woman. As Pinson seduces the woman in her drawing room, Adele watches from the garden outside. And when he takes the woman upstairs to her bedroom, Adele likewise ascends the stairs of some abandoned out-building on the property, closing herself into a cold and unlighted upper room through whose glassless windows she watches Pinson behind an opposite set of windows making love to the other woman.

Where *Mississippi Mermaid* takes us from the tropical climate of the French colony on Reunion to the snowbound French Alps, *Adele H.* takes us from Nova Scotia to Barbados. Where the unknown boy in *The 400 Blows* makes a little shrine to Balzac, in *Adele H.* the daughter of Victor Hugo —"the most famous man in the world," someone tells Adele's landlady—makes a similar shrine to an unknown English lieutenant. Where Truffaut's episode for *Love at Twenty* ends with still photos of anonymous lovers on the Paris streets done by France's most renowned photographer, Henri Cartier-Bresson, *Adele H.* ends with unattributed photographs of the state funeral accorded Victor Hugo. From details like these to its general conception, *Adele H.* is part and parcel with all Truffaut's earlier work. It is just another band woven into the whole-cloth of his career.

Whatever contribution *Adele H.* may make to Truffaut's career as a whole, though, it would be a mistake for me to leave the impression that it can't stand by itself. All the complex and sustaining symmetries of Truffaut's work are not only elaborated by this film, but contained by it as well. I have just said that a Truffaut film which at first may seem ordinary by itself becomes more interesting when looked at in relation to his other work. But within a single film like *Adele H.* something quite comparable can happen too. A commonplace shot or image may take on, from its context, a unique and extraordinary significance. Consider the use *Adele H.* makes of superimpositions, which are a simple (and often lifeless) optical effect.

While she may daydream of nothing except Pinson,

(Continued on page 147)

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BOOKS
FOR BROTHERHOOD

This list includes books of general interest in the field of intergroup relations chosen from among the many published from August, 1974 through July, 1975. They were selected on the basis of their contribution to the search for community in a pluralistic society, and for their concern with interreligious, interracial, ethnic, economic and political challenges to achieve a healthy public order. The list is the result of unanimous agreement by a representative committee on their recommendations of the best in the field for children, young people, and adults.

ADULT LIST

Selected by . . .

JOSEPH E. CUNNEEN, Editor, Cross Currents.

ELIZABETH D. NORRIS, Librarian, YWCA, New York City.

DORIS VIACAVA, Librarian, Iona College, New Rochelle, New York.

MURRAY FRIEDMAN, Director, Eastern Region, The American Jewish Committee, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

This selection from the complete list is presented by the publishers named below

Communalism: From Its Origin to the Twentieth Century, by Kenneth Rexroth. Seabury Press. $12.50.

Throughout history small groups of people, disillusioned with the impersonality of the prevailing power structure, have sought alternative forms of communal living, have often interpreted their own efforts as the perfect cooperative society or as Utopia. Kenneth Rexroth, literary and social critic, traces the history of these intentional communities from the Essenes in Palestine through the European sects to nineteenth century American communes; he examines the tenets, living styles and activities of the members of lesser-known groups as well as those of the more familiar Shakers, Hutterites, Owenites, Brook Farm and the Oneida Community. Carefully researched and concisely expressed, the book provides a valuable historical background to a little-explored subject.

The Devastation of the Indies, by Bartolome de las Casas. Introduction by Hans Magnus Enzenberger. With a dossier by Michel van Nieuwstadt. Seabury Press. $3.95.

This scandalous book of 1552 unfortunately remains timely today, and it is a treat to have this excellent translation of las Casas' account of the exploitation of the Indians by the Conquistadores in a handsome paperback. Enzenberger's historical introduction is a major bonus, but the final shocker is Van Nieuwstadt's dossier on the continued exploitation and extermination of Indians in present-day Brazil.

Evonne! On the Move, by Evonne Goolagong with Bud Collins. E. P. Dutton. $8.95.

To the world of women's tennis, Evonne Goolagong has brought a special excitement. She loves the game and plays for the fun of it. Neither the money or fame it brings her nor an obsession to win seem to motivate her. That she is the first Australian aborigine to have advanced so far in the sport interests reporters more than it does her. But winning at Wimbledon in 1971 against Margaret Court is important to her, and she tells the story of all that led up to it with characteristic verve and straightforwardness.

From Reverence to Rape: The Treatment of Women in the Movies, by Molly Haskell. Penguin Books. Paperback, $3.95.

Film critic Haskell takes the reader, by decades, through countless popular movies, from the silent film version of Stella Dallas to The Last Picture Show, revealing a degeneration in the image of woman from "tremulous virgin" to the current brutalization of women as sex objects, a disturbing descent from reverence to rape. The author's final charge to women to break through the monolithic sexism of commercial cinema ends with the plea, "Where, oh where, is the camaraderie, the much-vaunted mutual support among women? It was there, without advertising itself, in the twenties: among Griffith's women, with Clara Bow and her college pals; in the thirties, among the gold diggers, with Kay Francis, and Aline MacMahon and Eve Arden, and in the advice and support of older women like Binnie Barnes and Billie Burke; in the forties, with Bette Davis and her female costars; even in the fifties, with Marilyn Monroe and her millionaire-hunting friends.

The Gentle Tasaday: a Stone Age People in the Philippine Rain Forest, by John Nance. Harcourt, Brace Jovanovich. $15.00.

Skepticism greeted the first reports of a Stone Age people living in the Philippines in 1971. Later, seeing them on television and reading about them in the press provided more definite proof that a small group were living at the most primitive level known in our time. This book gives the first full account of the discovery of the Tasaday, the deepening contacts made to understand their way of life, and the efforts to protect them from the dangers and encroachments of the outside world. Gentle, loving but extremely vulnerable, they give us much to ponder about ourselves.

The New Negro Renaissance: An Anthology, compiled by Michael W. Peplow and Arthur P. Davis. Holt, Rinehart and Winston. $10.00. (Paperback, $5.95.)

Here is an opportunity to immerse oneself in one of the richest periods of Negro creativity, a period extending roughly from 1910 to 1940 when black novelists, dramatists, artists, poets and essayists rose to the surface in an unprecedented literary revolution. The title of the book is taken from Alain Locke's 1925 anthology, The New Negro, which contained representative works of young Negro writers uncovering a new literary self-image for the Negro artist and writer. The arrangement by subject rather than type of writing offers provocative sections on protest, race pride, folk styles, Harlem, African heritage and black nationalism. One is glad to note the inclusion of several lesser known black women writers. As well as short biographies and sectional introductions, the anthology includes an unusual year by year chronology for the thirty-year period.

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For the complete Books for Brotherhood list write to:
The National Conference of Christians and Jews, 43 W. 57th St., New York, N. Y. 10019

Pioneers of Black Sport, by Ocania Chalk. Dodd, Mead & Co. $7.95.

The author has done a tireless job of researching many stories of athletes of earlier days when unwritten "color lines" made it impossible for them to get the opportunity and recognition they deserved. There are accounts of Moses and Weldy Walker, Willie Wells and Jackie Robinson of baseball; William (Dolly) King, William (Pop) Gates and Robert Douglas of basketball; Tom Molineau, Bill Richmond, and Jack Johnson of boxing; Henry McDonald, Bob Marshall and Joe Lillard of football.

Report on Torture, by Amnesty International. Farrar, Straus and Giroux. $8.95. (Paperback, $3.45.)

The purpose of this sickening report on the use of torture throughout the world is to arouse ". . . public opinion to the danger which threatens the citizens of every country, however long its tradition of civilized conduct." For Amnesty International believes the brutalities which it documents are being encouraged or accepted by a growing number of nations. In addition to a country-by-country survey of the governmental use of torture, the report includes a discussion of its history, the problem of legal definition, its medical and psychological aspects and legal remedies.

The War Against the Jews, by Lucy S. Dawidowicz. New York: Holt, Rinehart and Winston. $15.00.

Despite all that has been written on the Holocaust, nothing like this careful historical reconstruction of how Hitler's hideous policy was executed has been done before. With her control of the details of the mechanics of slaughter, Dawidowicz does not need to raise her voice when she comes to her final question, "How was it possible for the world to stand by without halting this destruction?" Inevitably, she stresses the long history behind the virulent ideology of Nazism, but the center of her book is on the day-to-day experience of the Holocaust and the complex problems involved.

The Working Class Majority, by Andrew Levison. New York: Coward, McCann & Geoghegan. $8.95.

Research Associate of the Martin Luther King, Jr. Center for Social Change in Atlanta, Levison shatters both conservative and radical myths about labor in this lively and influential book. Blue-collar workers are seen as neglected and angry; the long-promised "better life" has never arrived for them. Levison calls for a political alliance between workers and other progressives, and makes clear that worker discontent cannot be explained in terms of clichés about Archie Bunker.

CHILDREN'S AND YOUNG PEOPLE'S LIST

Adam Clayton Powell, by James Haskins. Illustrated by photographs. Dial. $5.95.

The vivid career, in church and state, of a controversial public figure, in a sympathetic biography. (12-14.)

Betrayed, by Virginia Driving Sneve. Holiday House. $5.95.

Man's inhumanity to man is told in the story of the capture and vindictive treatment of white settlers at Lake Shetek by a starving Santee Indian tribe and the final avenging acts of white man's retribution. (10-14.)

Between the Devil and the Sea: The Life of James Forten, by Brenda A. Johnston. Illustrated by Don Miller. Harcourt, Brace Jovanovich. $6.75.

Born a freeman, this black man served bravely in the Revolution, spent a couple of disillusioning years in England, and returned to become a sailmaker and businessman in his native Philadelphia and to work for the freedom, welfare and education of his people. This objective biography shows that James Forten not only gained wealth and honor, but proved himself a courageous and compassionate human being who loved God and his fellowmen—and his country as well, despite the incredible treatment of blacks in the bitter early 19th-century decades. (10-14.)

Paul Robeson: The Life and Times of a Free Black Man, by Virginia Hamilton. Illustrated with photographs. Harper & Row. $5.95.

Scholar, athlete, singer-actor, Paul Robeson in this impassioned biography is shown against the political climate which so opposed his views that opportunity to earn his livelihood was denied and his existence on the American scene in the '50's was virtually erased. A well-written and documented biography with numerous historical references. For the serious child reader.

Roberto Clemente, by Kenneth Rudeen. Illustrated by Frank Mullins. Crowell. $3.95.

Moving account of a Puerto Rican youth who achieved stardom in baseball, and as a member of a rescue mission to Nicaragua lost his life at 38. (9-11.)

The Birthday Visitor, by Yoshiko Uchida. Scribners. $5.95. Illustrated.

Emi finds the advent of "another visitor from Japan" the high point of her 7th birthday, in a comfortably warm picture-story book. (Gr. 1-3.)

Dragonwings, by Lawrence Yep. Harper. $6.50.

Moon Shadow's story is similar to that of countless Chinese immigrants who found themselves in a new country. Set in San Francisco at the turn of the century. The novel traces the many adjustments the young boy makes as he joins his father in America, is exposed to the strange demons—non-Chinese—; and shares his father's dream to build a flying machine.

Famous Black Entertainers of Today, by Raoul Abdul. Illustrated with photographs. Dodd, Mead. $4.50.

The techniques and achievements of eighteen personalities, from dance theatre director Alvin Ailey to television comedian Flip Wilson, are presented alphabetically through interviews and background information. The book includes men and women who have built reputations in such diverse fields as gospel singing, music composition and conducting, opera, ballet, dramatic acting, filmmaking. Serious and mature in approach; altogether inspiring in impact. (12 up.)

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CHILDREN'S AND YOUNG PEOPLE'S LIST

Selected by . . .

AUGUSTA BAKER, Lecturer and Consultation on Children's Literature, The New York Public Library.

LUCIA ENGLE, Acting Director, Elementary School Libraries, New York City Board of Education.

JOSETTE FRANK, Director for Children's Books and Mass Media, Child Study Association of America.

NORA KRAMER, Consultant on Books for Children and Young People; Director, the Bookplan.

BARBARA POLLOCK, Coordinator of Children's Services, The New York Public Library.

ETHNA SHEEHAN, Instructor in Literature for Children and Young People, St. John's University.

Fire in the Stone, by Colin Thiele. Harper & Row. $6.95.

The opal-mining region of Australia provides the setting for this story of a unique friendship among three boys, one of whom is an Aborigine. The drama is heightened as the boys search for a thief who has stolen some opals. As the boys' deepening friendship develops both characterization and plot are well-realized. (12 up.)

Garden of Broken Glass, by Emily Neville. Delacorte. Illustrated. $5.95.

Brian's ability, at 13, to grow in understanding of others, in spite of an absent father and an alcoholic mother, helps him to find a good way of life for himself. (Gr. 5-9.)

Geronimo: The Fighting Apache, by Ronald Syme. Illustrated by Ben F. Stahl. Morrow. $4.95.

Times were changing fast during the life-span of this warrior (1829-1909), and the free existence of the Apache was threatened by conflicts with the Mexicans and with the Americans who were infiltrating the Southwest following the Mexican War and the discovery of gold in California. As war-chief of the Apache, Geronimo fought the U.S. troops with courage and skill, and was never **forced** to surrender. The author's interpretation is fair, yet the overall impression is one of sadness that intolerance and treachery are so much a part of the white man's dealing with the Indians. (9-13.)

Jambo Means Hello: Swahili Alphabet Book, by Muriel Feelings. Pictures by Tom Feelings. Dial Press. $5.95.

This introduction to the Swahili language is informative and subtly evokes the sights and sounds of East Africa. The sensitive illustrations which suggest the activity and beauty of African life have a delicate luminous quality in the black-and-white drawings. (Gr. k-5.)

James Weldon Johnson, by Ophelia Settle Egypt. Illustrated by Moneta Barnett. Crowell. $3.95.

Born in 1871, Johnson grew up in the deep South, and started the first high school for blacks in his native Jacksonville, Florida. His later work encompassed a broad spectrum: writing books, producing musicals and songs with his brother Rosamond, serving in the NAACP and waging a bloodless struggle against the evils of lynching. Withal he remained a gentle, quiet, kindly Christian, who loved his country and had pride in his background. (8-11.)

Juan Diego and The Lady, by Jan Wahl. Illustrated by Leonard Everett Fisher. Putnam. $4.97.

A Mexican Indian boy's vision of the Virgin of Guadalupe. The traditional version, in Spanish and English. (9-11.)

Maggie Flying Bird, by Marion Lawson. Decorations by Mariam Schottland. Morrow. $5.50.

Maggie Flying-Bird, the child of a white trader and a Chippewa woman, endures countless hardships as a captive shuttling among different tribes and encounters even greater suffering when she is returned to white society.

The Merrymaker, by Yuri Suhl. Illustrated by Thomas di Grazia. Four Winds Press. $5.95.

Ten-year-old Shloimeh first spots the stranger whom his father invites home to share their meager meal. This is a heartwarming story centered around Jewish family life and folk tradition in which love for neighbor is emphasized. (9 up.)

Nancy Ward, Cherokee, by Harold W. Felton. Illustrated by Carolyn Bertrand. Dodd, Mead. $4.95.

This "Beloved Woman" (born in the 1730's) proved herself worthy to participate in tribal councils where she always spoke for peace. She helped avert raids, saved American prisoners, and counseled cooperation with the Americans in the Revolution. (8-11.)

Our Fathers Had Powerful Songs, by Natalia Belting. Illustrated by Laszlo Kubinyi. E. P. Dutton. $4.95.

A collection of lovely and moving songs derived from the lyrical expressions of many aspects of daily life as felt by several American Indian tribes. Adept monotone drawings add immensely to the spirit and strength portrayed by these songs. (8-12.)

Songs and Stories from Uganda, by W. Moses Serwadda. Transcribed and edited by Hewitt Pantaleoni. Illustrated by Leo and Diane Dillon. Crowell. $6.50.

The storyteller's art and music are best expressed in this attractive book which includes lullabies, story songs, games and other traditional folk songs of East Africa. The African folklorist and musician has made this collection available for all children to become better acquainted with African culture through its music and songs. (Gr. 2 up.)

Waiting for Mama, by Marietta Moskin. Illustrated by Richard Lebenson. Coward, McCann and Geoghegan. $5.95.

Tender account of an immigrant family on New York's lower East Side who for two years waited and prepared for their mother's arrival from Russia. Illuminated in equal quality and feeling by distinguished illustration. (8-12.)

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at night Adele dreams of something quite different. She has constant nightmares about the drowning of her older sister Leopoldine; and every time she has one Truffaut shows us a sequence, superimposed on the sleeping Adele's face, in which Leopoldine disappears into the water beneath the heavy folds of her dress. The tragedy was compounded, Adele confides to her landlady, because Leopoldine's husband drowned too out of desperation at his inability to save her. Since such devotion is the exact opposite of what Adele gets from Pinson, it's no wonder she is obsessed with Leopoldine's fate. But what gives the superimposition Truffaut uses here its singularity is the way he uses the same effect at one other point in the film. This is when Adele writes to her father, falsely, that Pinson has agreed to marry her. As the letter is on its way to Europe, Truffaut does a traveling shot on water, as if we were actually aboard the packet steamer carrying the mail, and over the ground swells gliding beneath us, he superimposes the face of Adele reading the letter's contents aloud.

Again, the shot harks back to earlier Truffaut films—to *Two English Girls*, for example, where a shot of the hero's mother is superimposed on scenery outside a train carrying him away from her. But more important, this shot of Adele superimposed on water—floating on the water, as it were—reminds us of the superimposition where we saw Leopoldine drowning. In that shot, Adele's face is the ground rather than the superimposed image, so we see her there, like Leopoldine herself, beneath the water rather than on top of it. The lie Adele is telling in her letter home takes on an added gravity when put like this, in the light of the truth about Leopoldine's death. That Adele must pretend Pinson is devoted becomes the more pathetic because it is thrown into relief against the proven devotion of Leopoldine's husband.

Early in the film Truffaut shows us a fantasy sequence in which Adele stands near the edge of the sea (in which, the way the shot is framed, she seems almost to stand *on* the sea) and again apparently reciting from a letter, tells how "a girl should walk on the water . . . to rejoin her lover." This is the essence of Adele's romantic illusions, of course, and Truffaut repeats the sequence at the end of the film. In the context provided by this repetition, as well as the dream of Leopoldine's drowning, the shot of Adele's face floating over the sea reflects a bitter irony. The magic with which she speaks of being transported in the fantasy sequence seems to be realized by this superimposition, except that its voyage is back towards Europe, not towards her lover, and the romantic fantasy has turned into a vengeful lie to sustain itself.

Intricate symmetries like this mark all the reversals of fate that befall Adele in Truffaut's film. Having ascended one stairs to spy on Pinson while he seduces another woman, Adele subsequently descends a second stairs in a public street to hire a prostitute, a look-alike of sorts, whom she sends to Pinson with her compliments. On another night Adele goes to a party disguised as a man and gets Pinson's orderly to bring him out to her. The whole scene transpires on a terrace and stairway that is enclosed in windows like a greenhouse, and the camera remains outside, watching the intrigue at a distance even after Adele herself has gone in.

The stairs, windows and removed vantage point all make this scene a peculiar echo of the one where Adele watches Pinson with that other woman, but at the same time this scene also looks forward to yet another later on, after Adele goes to Barbados. She does not seek out the orderly this time, but he does see her in the street, and again goes at once to tell his master. Again here too, in order to give us a sense of *déjà vu* and make us feel the futility of everything Adele has been through, Truffaut locates Pinson in a courtyard, an open-air one now, where the orderly once more climbs a staircase to find his master with another woman—a woman who is, we realize as soon as the orderly addresses her, Pinson's wife.

The conclusion of Adele's quest to which this leads is a surprising and painful one. Just after she arrives in Halifax, there is a scene where Adele passes an English lieutenant in the street, and so anxious is she to find Pinson again, she doubles back to accost this fellow who of course turns out not to be Pinson at all. In Barbados when the orderly tells Pinson Adele is there, that scene where Adele chases after the wrong man recoils on itself once and for all. This time it is Pinson who goes into the street to confront her, stalking her down alleys and by-ways just as she has stalked him from Europe to the New World and from the frigid zone to the tropics. At last he decides to have it out, approaching her as she walks and calling out her name. But she just stares at him vacuously, numbly, and passes by without stopping, unable any longer even to recognize this man whom she has literally destroyed her own sanity to have.

Truffaut brings to bear on this scene the accumulated power not only of all the scenes that have preceded it in *Adele H.*, but of all the films that have preceded it in fifteen years of directing. This is a considerable experience, especially since Truffaut has the ability to draw upon it so fully. To the unsympathetic viewer it must seem that Truffaut is simply someone who quotes himself a lot—a director who keeps returning to images out of past films because, perhaps, he cannot think of new ones. It is not the poverty of his ideas, however, but their wealth that makes him go over them again and again. Even now, after thirteen features, a few, central concerns with which he began have still not exhausted themselves. An image like the window is, in his treatment of it, so richly ambiguous that each successive film transforms it into something new. Nothing could demonstrate this more surely than that scene in which Adele spies on Pinson's love-making, and there is, no doubt, more to come. . . .

COLIN L. WESTERBECK, JR.

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A FUTURIST CATHOLIC NOVEL

LAWRENCE S. CUNNINGHAM

Guido Morselli committed suicide at the age of sixty-one in the Northern Italian city of Varese after what must be judged one of the least successful literary careers in modern times. Born into an extremely wealthy family of Modena, Morselli led the pampered life of a young wealthy man about town until shortly after the Second World War when he retired to a hilltop villa and lived the life of a virtual recluse until his death in 1973. Even before his retirement from the public scene he studied and wrote constantly but could get none of his plays, novels, pamphlets, poems, or essays into print. Except for a hardly remembered monograph on Proust that he published during the war he saw nothing but rejection slips; as he himself once said to a friend, the total income from over thirty years of literary work amounted to less than one hundred dollars. After his death a manuscript was discovered among his papers of a novel that had been previously submitted to publishers but without any acceptance. Last year, a small publisher in Milan published that novel as part of a series of experimental novels. The novel, *Roma Senza Papa* (*Rome Without the Pope*—Adelphi, 1974) has sold an amazing eight thousand copies—something quite extraordinary for first novelists in Italy—and is now in its second printing.

Morselli's novel explores an increasingly favorite theme of the "Catholic" novel: the shape of the Church in the future. This idea, already tested by Brian Moore in his novella *Catholics* and by Walker Percy in *Love in the Ruins*, now gets a continental treatment. Unlike Moore's poignant story of the Irish abbot being buffeted by the illiberal liberals of the future or Percy's boozy hero struggling through Kierkegaardian traumas in 1983, Morselli's novel evokes the bittersweet mood of a city that had been largely shaped by the papal presence and now lacks it. With Percy he shares a truly fey sense of humor and with both Moore and Percy a profound respect —almost a nostalgia— for the tradition of Catholicism.

Morselli wrote this book in 1966 and his eye for the more ludicrous possibilities of *aggiornamento* was sharp if, surprisingly, benign and forgiving. The novel is set at the end of the century and the implications of the post-Vatican Council theorizers are inexorably being worked out. The Italian government has solved the economic problems of the southern area of the country by turning the whole area over to the Jesuits who now run it along the lines of their famous Paraguayan plantations of the eighteenth century. Loyola University of Chicago has become the center of a whole new missionary movement to spread the ideas of psychoanalysis as a religious surrogate and their magazine *Unconscious and Sacrament* is justly famous. The old evolutionary theories of Teilhard have been replaced with a hypothesis that all of mankind is evolving, not towards Omega, but up to the now ideals of Scandinavia—the "nordicization of the species." Priests are married, of course, and rumor has it that the present Pope, an Irish monk given to monastic discipline and now dwelling outside of Rome where he is given to solicitude and the raising of exotic snakes as a hobby, is seriously interested in marrying a well-known theosophist who has left her native city of Rangoon to be hard by the papal headquarters. What provides the gossip mills most of their gist, though, is the rumor that the redoubtable Jackie Kennedy, very much alive and kicking, also has eyes for the undeniably attractive Pope. The Church has not only made its peace with technology but has baptized and exalted it far beyond anything Harvey Cox dreamed of in the sixties—the theological best seller of the year, in English, of course, was *Gadgets and Sacramentals.*

The narrator of these phantasmagorical events is a Swiss priest, married but ever so faithful to his wife, who is in parish work and edits a small Catholic weekly in the southern part of Switzerland. He is in Rome as a pilgrim and as a visitor to the places that he remembered from his seminary days. The culmination of this week's stay will be a visit with the Pope. He also hopes to drum up some interest in a theological work that he has written on the veneration due to the Blessed Virgin. His own conservatism, tempered by the inevitable changes that have come from forty years of *aggiornamento*, allows him to be, at the same time, a man of firm conviction but free from rancor as he observes those who move further to the religious left. He is not a critic, much less a jeremiah. He observes with a degree of detachment and comments without passion.

What emerges from this journal of a week in Rome is less than a story (there is no plot to speak of) but more than a diatribe. Morselli manages to evoke a complex mood that represents, I suspect, the feelings of any number of older Catholic intellectuals.

LAWRENCE S. CUNNINGHAM, *a previous contributor, is a member of the faculty at Florida State University.*

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There is, in the first place, the horror that the new look of Catholicism is hopelessly banal and vulgar. Were Morselli the type to do such things, one could well imagine him signing a petition for the retention of the Latin language for the liturgy. One senses throughout the book a profound respect for what the Church has been and a great love for the values and institutions that it has managed to create in its history. The Rome of the year 2000 is still Rome but the peculiar sense of papal *Romanitá* is gone and Morselli cannot applaud that lack. One recalls Percy's brilliant image of the old-style priest who supplements his income by manning a fire tower for the forestry service in *Love in the Ruins.* Morselli's hero is less dramatically cast as an observer but he still serves the same function: he sees religious fashion and fad moving away from the center in search of new meanings without any guarantee that new meanings will in fact emerge. The parenthetical warning that Morselli utters seems to be that if the substance of the old faith gets transmogrified under the influence of Freud, technology, or what have you, it might just be a devil's exchange.

This point of view is hardly new or original. Its most hysterical and vulgar supporters may be found in the readership of the *Wanderer.* Yet that does not totally vitiate the point that Morselli wishes to make. His novel is the product of a peculiarly unsettling moment in modern Catholic history and for that reason—quite apart from its lightly worn learning and its wit—it is an important cultural artifact. The hero remains a devout Catholic at a time when all the vital signs of Catholicism as he knew them were showing strange and alarming indications of fluttering and gasping. Should he have read the signs and walked out, assuming he had the courage to do so? Or did it mean that he saw that there is a certain ambiguity created precisely at the intersection of culture and faith at any given moment and thus stayed through a simple act of faith? Morselli does not answer those questions for us. The priest-hero had his visit with the Pope, was edified, and returned to his wife and his pastoral work. We are left to wonder about the future both of the hero and of the Church. It may be precisely because of that sense of ambiguity about the cultural life of Rome yet a sense of the firmness of faith that has caused the Italian critics to cite Pascal and Kierkegaard as they attempt to do some closer exegesis of this singular work.

Selections for Religious Book Week

CRITICS' CHOICES

Charles Davis

The religious book I read with the greatest pleasure last year was John Dominic Crossan's *The Dark Interval: Towards a Theology of Story* (Argus Communications, $1.50)—an original and appealing book, written with both literary and spiritual sensitivity. I do not accept his claim there is only story. To deny any way of knowing reality other than story-telling is to end in incoherence. I also found his little diagrams and scraps of structuralist analysis flim-flam. He does not need structuralism for what he has to say. But he makes unforgettable the contrast between mythical religion as giving the final word about "reality" and parabolic religion as subverting final words about "reality" and thereby introducing the possibility of transcendence.

I would put beside it Brian Wicker's *The Story-Shaped World: Fiction and Metaphysics: Some Variations on a Theme* (University of Notre Dame Press, $12.95). For him also religious belief is founded upon stories. Versed in literary criticism and philosophy of religion, he brings together recent work on the rhetoric of fiction and the current debate about religious language and the metaphysics of belief and argues for a rhetoric of belief and a metaphysics of narrative. His interdisciplinary thinking gives a book full of unexpected insights. It is a very English book in its idiosyncratic handling of issues and lack of concern about exhaustively considering what others have said. In that it contrasts with Paul Ricoeur's latest book, *La métaphore vive* (Editions du Seuil, $16.50), where the issues raised by Wicker are treated with indeed a powerful personal thought, but through a detailed discussion of other writing. Ricoeur's work is indispensable, but after reading it Wicker's book still provoked me to further reflection and gave me as well enjoyable chapters on modern novelists.

Religious language is one of the many topics covered in David Tracy's *Blessed Rage for Order: The New Pluralism in Theology* (Seabury, $12.95). I found this a most helpful book because of its careful elucidation of the difficult methodological and substantive questions of fundamental theology, which are now my own chief concern. The title is a gimmick. "Rage" hardly suits an exposition where every step is hobbled by a footnote nor is

(Continued on page 152)

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DREAM BOOKS

JOHN GARVEY

Not too long ago my brother-in-law, who is a few years older than I am, was looking through a copy of the L. L. Bean catalog. After awhile he said, "I guess this was for my generation what the Whole Earth Catalog is now: a dream book."

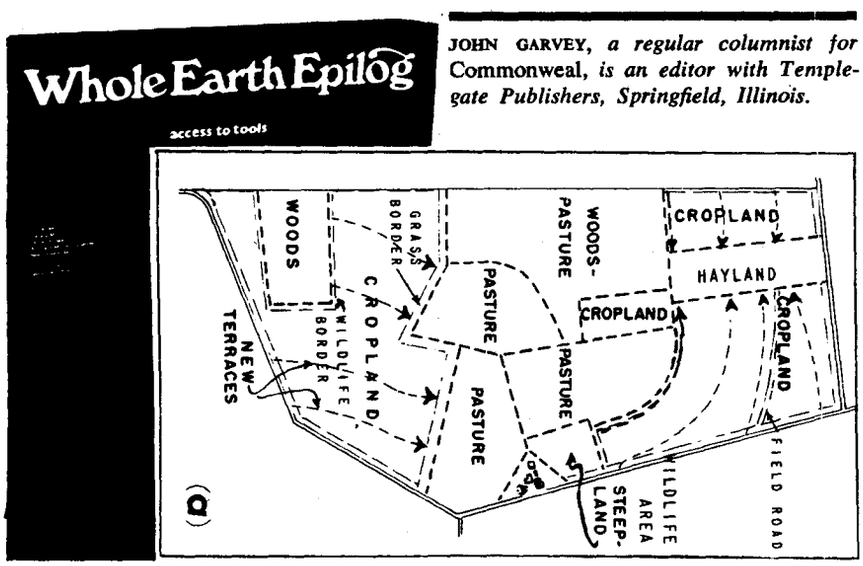
He was right. If you haven't seen the L. L. Bean catalog you should. It is full of tempting advertisements for rugged and attractive clothes, outdoor gear, great looking boots and plain flannel pajamas, the assumption being that the people reading the catalog tend to be hunters and fishermen, well acquainted with the outdoors, at home with rough comforts in the woods. This is true of a number of the catalog's readers, no doubt, and it is full of really good buys, but I think that what my brother-in-law said remains true for a lot of readers of the Bean catalog: they read it yearning after the sparse exciting life it is built around, imagining that with sufficient time and leisure this is what *they* would be doing (they certainly know they would like to try it); and this picture of an alternative to the life they are living is refreshing. So the catalog, excellent a resource as it is, is also an end in itself. It gives aesthetic satisfaction to its readers. For many of them it might as well be one of those early twentieth century Sears catalogs which have been reprinted, with all their funny shoes and intricate little machines. It doesn't matter that you can't buy anything in it—you really aren't reading it with that in mind. It's rather the enchantment of the fact that things weren't always the way they are, and the possibility that they don't have to be that way. The Bean catalogs, the Sears reprints, as well as the Whole Earth Catalog, are all dream books, enchanters.

The Whole Earth Catalog went through several editions and has an apparently final successor (*Whole Earth Epilog*, Penguin, $4). It was responsible for several other publications, spin-offs from the sensibility Whole Earth tried to map. One was the magazine *Mother Earth News*, and there were the books *Domebook* and *Domebook 2* (Shelter Publications, $5), *The Foxfire Book* (Anchor, $3.95), and *Foxfire 2* (Anchor, $4.50) . . . these are only a few of the hundreds which came in hard and paper covers from large and small presses after Whole Earth's success. The Whole Earth Catalog and Whole Earth Epilog advise about all sorts of tools, resources, good books, things you can do to be a great organic gardener, give a good massage, learn your latent meditative capacities, start organizing to create a new order along ecologically sane lines. The Domebooks limit themselves to the single topic of structures for living in, with valuable instructions and resources. Some of the houses described there are gorgeous and even look comfortable, if you go in for elfin decor; others might keep the rain off, but in any case they are not conventional: the housing described is an alternative. The Foxfire books are the outcome of a decent project undertaken to preserve and vivify Appalachian culture, and contain just about everything rural and practical, from advice of value to subsistence farmers, to ghost stories picked up from people who still believe them.

What they all have in common is a great deal of practical advice for people who are likely never to use it, but who like to feel that the men and women who produced these books are *their* kind of people. There are those who actually do go out and build those domes, pitch those tents, make all their own clothes out of organic materials, and live from the land more than from money; but the great majority of the people who read these books do not. What is the dream that makes these books successful? What does this yearning for being what we are not, but would like to be, say about what we are?

I don't mean this as a putdown of the people who have compiled some very good reference works which unlike most advertised things do everything they claim to do, but I think an appeal similar to the one exer-

JOHN GARVEY, *a regular columnist for* Commonweal, *is an editor with Templegate Publishers, Springfield, Illinois.*



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cised by Whole Earth Epilog, Foxfire, and the rest can be found in recent Sominex commercials. It's interesting that TV commercials frequently portray small towns. They try to conjure up the emotion of going home to Mom and Dad, to late evening swings on front porches, the kind that wrap all the way around gracious frame houses anyone would love to go to bed in, settling under the comforter to the sound of cicadas under sycamore shadows cast against light brown shades; it is always the small town South or Midwest or New England—all of those places where despite the paradise air people *still* have to take Sominex.

We might have grown up under the El, or in a suburb where nothing was ever allowed to live more than ten years without being bulldozed; still we want to be where we've never been, where the mother who wears an apron and the father whose general store bell dings whenever someone comes in for a cinnamon stick, where those parents we never had but know we deserve, will welcome us.

Even small town society has been liberated into white leather shoes and leisure suits and what people are taught to regard as worldly appreciations: the routine nastiness of a show like *Maude*, for example, is considered sophisticated, and the successful community living of people like the Hutterites and the Amish is considered antique, despite the fact that Hutterite dropouts usually end up coming home, and ours do not. We want the white frame house, but not the hopeless aunt who lived upstairs; the quiet village square, without the village idiot; we want to go where the only worm in the apple is the occasional need for Sominex. It really is interesting. They (grant me here the paranoia of believing in a "they"; it was formerly called "the world," as in world, flesh, and devil) are using some important fragments of a former culture, a few pictures which float at the surface of an attitude toward life which we remember and which was once general; and although it is now for most of us nostalgia, it is powerful enough to send us after the hope those pictures evoke. We feel guilty for letting some good things die for the sake of what we have been taught to revere: cheap style, money, pieces of the action. The impression this shallow nostalgia creates is that we can buy back our souls with deliberate profound bows to the icons captured by Whole Earth Catalog and Foxfire, even Sominex commercials—we will be saved if we do not scorn the small farmer, the miner, the white frame house built with care rather than with factory prefab slabs of composition material. We must love the vague thing called "naturalness."

Maybe it is the beginning of cultural salvation to recognize wastefulness, the passing of craft and personal responsibility, but there are other tasks which are necessary if what we want is a genuine recovery of culture and not another passing fad. Those tasks aren't as easy as acknowledging our feelings. They involve the recognition of those complications which made the culture we have grown away from—the one in which children, old people, idiots, the unborn and the dead were part of one community—a community which was at times unpleasant and difficult to live in. Among those tasks are self-discipline and a sense of obligation to others in the community which could in turn lead to the sacrifice of our greatest idol, self-fulfillment.

I don't mean to say simply that the old days were good and ours are bad. But you don't hear work songs now, or meet many people whose satisfaction is with their work more than with the money which is its by-product. Old people have even begun to call themselves "senior citizens," giving in to our worst national product, a language which has been processed to allow us to say anything without blushing. What we have accepted, for reasons of security, is a language and a definition of life which comes to us from the hands of a few people whose purpose is to rule us or sell us things. What we have given up is a less secure, often difficult and oppressive, way of life in which communities at least knew an independence of language and cultural life, and an interdependence in which teachers, farmers, preachers, and bankers—even when they hated each other—had to arrive responsibly at what really were living arrangements. The direct control of your life was, if not exactly in your own hands, close enough to hit in the nose, or fawn at its feet.

Our own more comfortable and more anxious world suffocates us. Any alternative is a breath of fresh air. It is good to hear of communes formed by people who depend on wind and available water and good weather for their living. We aren't willing to do it, we know it wouldn't be comfortable, we suspect that their experiment will be temporary, but we take hope from the fact that it can be sustained even for a short time.

And at the same time we turn from facing the fact that community obligations which result in moments of true joy and celebration can't be sought with those ecstatic ends in mind, but come instead as a result of the self-loss which work in a real community always involves. Psalm 103 says, "As for man, his days are like grass; he flourishes like a flower of the field; for the wind passes over it, and it is gone, and its place knows it no more."

The idea of being known by a place is alien to us. We buy an old house, put on bib overalls, sit on the front porch, drink lemonade, and wonder why we do not feel that we have come home.

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there any sign of a poet's feel for words. But, despite the caution and the jargon, we feel the power of the author's thinking. While an admirer, I have my reservations. I jib at the linear, non-dialectical method. The dream of an absolute starting-point has not been relinquished. The author forgets the "common human experience" is an abstraction, not a concrete point of reference. But if actual experience in its social and cultural diversity becomes the point of reference, then theology's concern with *praxis* cannot be left to the last chapter. To see the task of constructing present meaning in fundamental and systematic theology and the task of reconstructing past meaning in historical theology as both preceding the concern with the future in practical theology is to miss the implications of man's becoming in history and the mediation of truth through history.

My interest in the question of Christ and the plurality of religions led me to George Rupp's *Christologies and Cultures: Towards a Typology of Religious Worldviews* (Mouton, $14). It provides a useful widening of the common approach to that question. Langdon Gilkey's *Catholicism Confronts Modernity: A Protestant View* (Seabury, $8.95) encouraged me to think again about the contribution the Catholic Church could make to contemporary Christianity by resolving its present crisis. In working for that end, we might reflect on Gilkey's remark that a symbol "is creative for us only when it shapes or forms our actual, lived experience."

Dorothy Dohen

It is with some diffidence that I have accepted the invitation of *Commonweal*'s editor to give my selections for Religious Book Week. For, for me the past year has been influenced more by my own need to discover the roots of my faith and the social traditions of the Christian community of which I am a part, than by any desire to seek for new syntheses of faith with current learning or of new insights on how to live the Gospel in the bicentennial year. Thus, I have taken my delight in reading Augustine's *City of God*, in going back to the works of Newman, and in finding in Von Hügel's books the example of a person searching for the absolute who had at the same time a profound sense of religious and cultural relativity. Last July I was encouraged when I read Martin Marty's advice to subscribers to his newsletter that they should spend their summer reading the religious classics. Perhaps then my reading was not so idiosyncratic as I had thought! The fads and flourishes of post-Vatican days may be over. In the reprints and new editions of classics on publishers' lists these days there may be evidence of a growing consensus that progress toward the Kingdom of God necessitates our knowing from where we have started as a people, and what have been the discoveries, vicissitudes and joys of our journey thus far.

A recent book which I did find immensely interesting perhaps because it coincides with my own need to build on our tradition, and because it avoids glossing over problems in the quest for ecumenical harmony, is *The Common Catechism: A Book of Christian Faith* (New York: Seabury Press, $10.95). With a multiple authorship of German, French and Swiss theologians, Protestant and Catholic, it is fascinating for showing to the non-theologian how much Catholic and Protestant theologies have come together. It suffers occasionally from convoluted statements that may be the fault of the translation, or of the multiple authorship, or of the present state of ambiguity of certain theological questions. There are discussions of suffering and death and of the Christian's mission to non-Christians, which are lucid without being simplistic. Appendices on specifically Catholic beliefs are useful.

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The index is dreadful, but its very inadequacy will prevent random sampling of topics and force the interested reader to give serious attention and thought to the book.

In a year that included a scholarly symposium on the person and works of Simone Weil, I am encouraged to think that I was not alone in going back to my heroes and heroines of the fifties. *Raissa's Journal* (Magi Books, $12.95), presented by Jacques Maritain, received a generally unfavorable review in *Commonweal*, but for me it was a reminder not only of the debt we owe to the Maritains, but of the possibility that post-Vatican II Catholics have forgotten that—as Job so well knew—the demands of the Lord are beyond human understanding. Raissa Maritain's intimate experiences in following the way of contemplative prayer, and especially the excruciating sufferings she evidently knew, may be meaningless to some readers and scandalous to others. I am encouraged to recommend her journal, however, because of a discussion I had with a former student who had enthusiastically discovered Eastern mysticism. When I pointed out to her that there is a mystical tradition in the West as well, she was amazed, and I was abashed. Over several years had I given to her only "the spirit of geometry"?

Seabury's edition of *The Way of the Pilgrim* (paperback, $3.95), Orbis Books' *Prayer at the Heart of Life* and *Silent Pilgrimage to God: The Spirituality of Charles de Foucauld* (each priced at $4.95) are other books which may serve to introduce the reader to the ways of serious prayer. *The Way of the Pilgrim*, a classic of the Russian Church, is already known to devotees of Salinger's Fanny and Zooey. *Prayer at the Heart of Life* is the work of Pierre-Yves Emery, a brother of the Taizé Community, the French Protestant monastic community which so influenced us Catholics in the fifties who were attempting to "put it all together"—prayer and social action, Protestant and Catholic traditions. De Foucauld possibly has never gone into total eclipse (little groups of priests, sisters and lay people have been following his spirit of contemplation as they lived out their urban mission), but it is good to look at his words in a new format. *Shewing of God's Love* by the English medieval mystic Dame Julian of Norwich has been reissued (Christian Classics, $4.25). Her spirituality is perennial, but she has a particularly contemporary appeal since she speaks of God as Mother.

It may be surprising that I include in choices for Religious Book Week Ivan Illich's *Medical Nemesis: The Expropriation of Health* (to be published by Pantheon in May), which I read in the British edition. I expect that when Illich's book is reviewed in this country the focus will be on his highly controversial analysis of the medical system. I should be sorry if reviewers and critics neglect to note that it includes a remarkable theology of death and spirituality of dying. Returning to a theme which he explored in a preliminary way in the fifties, Illich reveals much more clearly than in his other books the value base from which he makes his criticism of social institutions.

Finally, I should like to recommend Jay P. Dolan's *The Immigrant Church: New York's Irish and German Catholics*, 1815-1865 (The John Hopkins University Press, $10). Especially for those of us who (to use a Pauline phrase) are the saints of the Church of New York it is important for our common life in the midst of urban blight to know our history.

Avery Dulles

Let me begin with a meaty theological selection. David Tracy's *Blessed Rage for Order* (Seabury, $12.95) is a closely written and demanding study of the method of theology and, more specifically, fundamental theology. Situating the theologian within the "com-

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munity of scientific inquiry," Tracy wants to bridge the gap between theology and other academic disciplines, and in so doing somewhat secularizes theology itself. Although I have reservations about some of Tracy's presuppositions and conclusions, especially as regards the doctrine of God and Christology, I regard this book as the one work published in English this year which I, as a theologian, could least afford to overlook.

Less demanding and more inspirational in tone is *A New Pentecost?* (Seabury, $7.95) by Léon-Joseph Suenens. Without putting the reader through the mill of rigorous theological analysis, Cardinal Suenens, gathering up some of the finest fruits of recent pastoral and theological reflection, communicates a keen sense of how the Holy Spirit may be at work in today's Church. Situating the charismatic movement in its larger ecclesial context, he provides useful criteria for evaluating Pentecostal phenomena. The book begins and ends on a welcome note of prayerful hope.

Anyone looking for appropriate bicentennial reading should be referred to *The Broken Covenant* (Seabury, $7.95) by the sociologist, Robert N. Bellah. According to the author, the Christian covenant idea that underlay our national self-understanding in the 17th and 18th centuries was in the 19th century adulterated by the utilitarian cult of success. Although Bellah has his doubts about whether the churches in the United States are still vigorous enough to provide the energies for cultural renewal, he is convinced that, without a resurgence of the old covenant idea, our "great experiment" is likely to end in ashes.

Gregory Baum, a theologian who has trained himself in sociology, offers in his *Religion and Alienation* (Paulist, paperback, $6.95) what will probably prove to be a very popular introduction to religious sociology. Through a critical history of sociological approaches to religion, from Hegel and Marx to Berger and Bellah, Baum argues his thesis that religion is both pathogenic and therapeutic. The believer, he holds, is summoned to confront and overcome the oppressive structures in his own religious tradition.

Lest anyone should suspect that ecumenism is on the wane, John Macquarrie shows the contrary in his splendid little overview, *Christian Unity and Christian Diversity* (Westminster Press, paperback, $2.85). Not content to report the views of others, he sets forth positions of his own on disputed questions such as ministry, eucharist, marriage, Mariology, and papacy. In general his views will appeal to Roman Catholics and to confessionally oriented Anglicans and Protestants. Opposing the concept of united national churches, he urges dialogue and convergence among World Confessional Families with a view to full mutual recognition and intercommunion. Rome he acknowledges as the center and focus of unity but not as the infallible arbiter of doctrine.

In restricting myself to five recommendations, I have felt the pain of excluding many other excellent works that will, I hope, be picked up by other contributors to this survey.

Martin E. Marty

"Now, Mr. Marty, would you open the envelope for 'best book in religion by an American scholar so far in the 1970's?' " "Yes. And the winner is . . . *The Book of Exodus* by Brevard S. Childs (Westminster, $15)." The scene is fictional, but the sentiment is genuine. Not a professional biblical scholar but one who has not lost interest in the Hebrew Scriptures, I read a commentary only if it comes with high recommendations. Here is the rare commentary that can be either consulted or read. Yale's Childs combines scholarly acumen, fresh angles of vision, and reasonable literary grace. Having absorbed the critical approach to the Bible, he is free to re-set the Exodus narrative into

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the context of community, and does so very well indeed.

Were I asked to name the book on religion from which I have been learning the most, and doing so in enjoyable fashion, it would be the third volume of Marshall G. S. Hodgson, *The Venture of Islam* (The University of Chicago Press, $20). Subtitled "The Gunpowder Empires and Modern Times," the book carries the story of Islamic development into the recent and to most of us, I surmise, least familiar period. They tell me that the specialists find Hodgson up to standard and even enlightening. A pure layman in this field, I confess that each turn of a page opens a new world for me, but one that seems increasingly important to Westerners.

Next, then, the religious book that provides most delight: Paul Horgan's biography of *Lamy of Santa Fe* (New York: Farrar, Straus and Giroux, $15). This one is always designated as the book that deals with the archbishop to whom death came for Willa Cather. So it is. But Horgan, who knows the southwest so well and who also writes so well, sets the story straight and gives us a really different archbishop from the familiar figure from Cather's fiction. It is fashionable to say that the book is too long. Maybe. I had no trouble staying with it and now it stays with me.

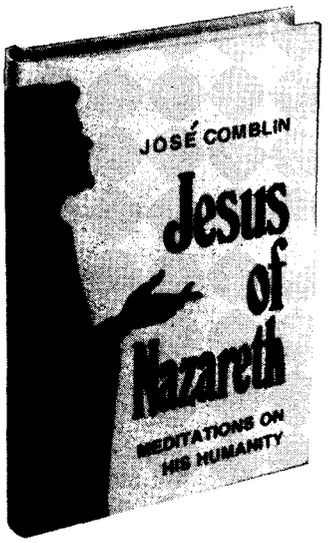
The price tag on the next book will lead some readers to say, perhaps, that I have to be kidding. I'm not. Joseph Campbell's *The Mythic Image* (Princeton University Press, $45), which looks like a conventionally lavish coffee table book and thus stands ready for condemnation by many jaundiced critics, turns out to be a readable, scholarly, informative *summa* or encapsulation of a lifetime of theoretical probing by Campbell. The study of myth in world religion is a land-mined field, and experts have great trouble accepting each other's approaches in an inquiry that must be based on much speculation. So you will meet some anti-Campbellites. Whether he is right on all details or even on all basic theoretical points is not up to me to decide. That he made me think in new ways about the mythic image and the power of myth over mind was unquestionable. And he and Princeton packaged the argument with such exceptional visual material that I had to say that this format was a good choice. Somehow, find $45!

Bicentennial year reading that stood above the many potboiling offerings is to be found in Bernard Bailyn's *The Ordeal of Thomas Hutchinson*, a book that appeared already in 1974 (as did Childs') (Harvard University Press, $12.50). Hutchinson was a Loyalist historian, merchant, and official in Massachusetts just before the Revolution. Bailyn, a preeminent historian, in telling his story casts different kinds of light on the Revolutionary moment and spirit. And Sacvan Bercovitch in *The Puritan Origins of the American Self* (Yale, $15) exegetes some pages of Cotton Mather about John Winthrop and, on the basis of his reading, traces certain myths of the self from earliest Puritan days down to modern America. Bercovitch has read deeply in the sources if not widely in theology, and out of treasures of what I call creative naiveté has seen continuities in "the American self," threads that have entangled many non-WASPS whose lineage does not derive from the Puritan source in any direct way.

Jack Riemer

I suspect that not many, perhaps none, of the books that have been my favorites this year will be remembered a decade from now. But that does not matter. What counts is that they have given readers a measure of insight and enjoyment this year, and that through them we have come in contact with some special people and some very rich lives.

I begin with three that come from Israel because Israel has been very much on my mind and heart this year as it has been on the mind and heart



These are meditations on the life of Jesus, but they are based on the facts presented in Scripture; they are not flights of fancy. "In this book," says Comblin, "we intend to meditate on the human—simply human—life of Jesus Christ. We want to examine again this Jesus of Nazareth just as the disciples knew him and understood him." *Comblin is a well known Belgian theologian and social critic and the author of some twenty books in Spanish, French and Portuguese.* *Cloth $5.95*

THE DESERT IS FERTILE
by Dom Helder Camara

"Camara's brief essays and poems are arresting for their simplicity and depth of vision, and are encouraging because of the realistic yet quietly hopeful tone with which they argue for sustained action toward global justice." *Commonweal* *Cloth $3.95*

PRAYER AT THE HEART OF LIFE
by Brother Pierre-Yves Emery

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of every Jew. These three are books which, each in their own way, express the travail that the people of that land are now going through and convey the moral truths that the struggle is all about.

The first is *My Life*, the autobiography of Golda Meir (Putnam, $12.50). It is a remarkable book because of its simplicity and its so uncommon common sense. We are accustomed to politicians and diplomats who write in convoluted sentences that are intended to hide what they mean. Mrs. Meir tells her life story in a clear and direct manner and with such refreshing informality and honesty that every reader has to be moved.

Here is indeed one of the great success stories of this century. A woman whose earliest childhood memory is of hiding in a cellar during a pogrom lived long enough to come back to that land of Russia as the first ambassador of a sovereign state of Israel! A woman who walked to school to save carfare in Milwaukee as a teenager came back to that same school fifty years later, now a Prime Minister, to tell the schoolchildren, now mostly black, and as poor as she was then, that hard work and sincerity do bring results! A woman who believed in Socialism from her youth, not as an abstraction but as a life style, put it into practice when she was Ambassador to Moscow by running the embassy like a kibbutz in which everyone, including herself, took turns working in the kitchen!

The second book from Israel is a collection of children's poems and drawings called *My Shalom, My Peace*, edited by Jacob Zim (McGraw Hill, $9.95). These are the works of youngsters who were invited in their schools to set down their vision of what it would be like to live in peace. Some of the youngsters who are less than ten years old are already veterans of two wars, and the way in which they dream and yearn for peace is very touching. What makes the book especially impressive is that the poems come from both Jewish and Arab children. It is the kind of document that we wish could find its way onto the desks and into the hearts of the leaders of the nations for truly here out of the mouths of babes has come real wisdom.

The third book is the saddest and the most bewildering of all. It is *The Blood of Israel* by Serge Grossard (Morrow, $12.50), the account of the murder of the eleven Israeli athletes at the Munich Olympics. It is written with all the drama of a good detective story, and so even though we know the inevitable climax of the story we find ourselves engrossed all the way. These eleven young men whose lives were cut down so suddenly and so senselessly become well known to us as the author traces their short lives and tells us what brought them to that place and time. We are moved by each biography: by the young Israeli who dreamed of somehow reaching Arabs so that he could explain to them the need for peace, by the wrestler who had somehow gotten out of the Soviet Union at enormous cost only to end in such a futile way, by the young athlete from Cleveland who had come to Israel to teach sports only to die in a contest in which there was no fair play. We learn to understand the spirit and the motivations of each of these eleven Israelis but somehow we are never able to learn anything at all about the character, the motivations, or the inner lives of their captors. Just as their faces were hidden behind stocking masks all during the operation, so their purposes and the reasons for their obsessive hatred remain hidden from the author and from us. Were they mercenaries, or fanatics, or madmen? We do not even know their names.

Space permits only a brief mention of some of the other good books of the year. For anyone who wants a good survey of Jewish family life Chaim Bermant's *The Walled Garden* (Macmillan, $12.95) is highly recommended. It is rich in illustrations and insightful in content. Yosef Yerushalmi's *Hagadah and History* (Jewish Publication Society, $27.50) is much more than just a collection of facsimile plates. It is a panorama of Jewish history as reflected in the different editions of the Passover Hagadah, one of the most frequently and lovingly republished of all Jewish works of liturgy. *Beginnings* by Abraham Karp (Jewish Publication Society, $20), brings together ten documents from out of the early American Jewish experience that are a welcome addition to the bicentennial literature. Efrayim Savela's *Legends From Invalid*

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Street (Doubleday, $6.95) is a collection of short stories in the spirit of Shalom Aleichem that have the power to make you laugh and cry in turn. Those who love the Bible and those who love the disappearing art of good conversation will find much pleasure in *The Book of Praises* (John Day, $8.95) which preserves some of the impromptu banter about the Bible which the late Maurice Samuel and Mark Van Doren engaged in over radio for many years. This volume deals with the Psalms but they spin off from there in many different directions, always with insight.

Two Christian books that moved me were *Faith and Fratricide* by Rosemary Ruether (Seabury, $9.50), and *Religion and Sexism* (Simon and Schuster, $9.95), which Ms. Ruether has edited. The former is an honest effort to come to terms with the anti-Semitism that is so deeply rooted in the thought of the church fathers and to come up with an alternative theology that will liberate Christianity from this burden. The latter brings together some very important essays on the past and present that explain why women have fared so badly until now within religion and why they will put up with it no more.

David S. Toolan

Time and Myth. John S. Dunne. Doubleday, $5.95.

Reaching Out. Henri J. M. Nouwen. Doubleday, $5.95.

At a Journal Workshop. Ira Progoff. Dialogue House Library, $12.50.

Realms of the Human Unconscious. Stanislav Grof. Viking Press, $15.

A Time to Die. Tom Wicker. Quadrangle/New York Times, $10.

Catholicism Confronts Modernity. Langdon Gilkey. Seabury, $8.95.

The theme of my selection is the inner life. For a "Religious Book Issue," let alone for my theme, the titles listed above may seem an odd mix. I am reminded of Dan Berrigan's request to a friend for books during his Danbury Prison days—"Send me anything except theology books!"—and yet as those familiar with his prison journal know, it was for him a time of rich theological meditation. The suggestion is that often the last place to find religious perception evoked is in "religion books." Fortunately, God's small still voice speaks to us from strange quarters, often in the disguise of therapists, newspaper reporters and investigators of the effects of LSD. In the labyrinthine world of specialization, it is perhaps fitting to think of God as exhibiting a comprehensive irony toward all our artificial closures. In fact, I found as much revelation in Erica Jong's *Fear of Flying* as in the titles here listed. But since I do not mean to imply that strictly intellectual problems are not equally real obstacles to inward growth, especially for identity-crisis Catholics at the moment, I cite Gilkey's rigorous intellectual workout—an attempt by a sympathetic outsider to show us the old order is shaking so that some new birth of world-wide significance might take its place. We need to hear that, and maybe it is ironically easier to hear from a Protestant.

The first title listed, Dunne's, deserves an unapologetic apology inasmuch as it dates from 1973—but then I just got round to reading it, and vintage Dunne bears repeating. Besides wanting to encourage the publisher to put it in paperback, I include it because I find it the most acceptable to date of American Catholicism's most creative geographer of the modern life story and the disguises of God in our time. In terms of my theme, moreover, the thinking here recovers what is just about a vanished literary species, a work which exhibits both extraordinary philosophic acumen and equally extraordinary spiritual insight. I mean it is what Augustine's *Confessions* were; prayer as medium of personal therapy and rigorous intellectual exercise. Though the thought is no less compact than in his other books, the

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"Why do you think the way you do?" This is the question Gregory Baum posed to ten very influential North American Catholic thinkers. Their answers give provocative insight into both current theological trends and into the lives of these men and women who are responsible for some of the most avant-garde writings in Christian life today. The list of contributors: Eulalio R. Baltazar, Charles E. Curran, Andrew Greeley, Monika K. Hellwig, Richard P. McBrien, Gabriel Moran, David O'Brien, Anthony Padovano, Rosemary Radford Ruether, and Gregory Baum himself. $6.95, paper; $10.95, cloth

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imagistic style allows the reader to get into it more readily and turn the reading itself into a meditation in the best sense. A delight, doubly so if you've read his past work.

For a more popular charting of the connections between our struggle to create inner space for ourselves, others and God out of our loneliness, hostility and illusion, I recommend Henri Nouwen. Not a classic, but a sane and wise piece—well salted with experience. But if you want more than a map, want actually to take the trip Nouwen speaks *about*, then try Ira Progoff's manual of how to keep an "intensive journal." This is not to be confused with a diary—which commonly records the monotony of one's neurotic script. The journal provides a systematic vehicle for playing guru to yourself, for breaking through traps and into the creative movement of your life—which some might name Spirit. No money-back guarantees—there's no free lunch—but it's good stuff.

Stanislav Grof's new book, the first of five projected on the results of his ground-breaking study of LSD as Chief of Psychiatric Research at the Maryland Research Center in Baltimore, should be immediately fascinating for anyone interested in the dimensions of the human spirit—and particularly so for all those worried about the current viability of traditional religious symbol. In this first volume, Grof offers us a "cartography of inner space," a descriptive account of the various levels and types of experience manifested in psychedelic sessions. Much against all his previous biases, Grof has to acknowledge that Rank and Jung were probably right in finding religious archetypes inscribed somewhere deep inside us all—and LSD commonly brings them out. What to make of all this? Well, Grof is no Leary; this is the preliminary report without grandiose claims. The series ought to provide much to set our minds going.

But before rushing off to volunteer for a session with your archetypes in Maryland, remind yourself of the world that Wicker confronted when he entered Attica prison four years ago. This is very much a book that charts an inner transformation brought on by collision with external events—the way most of our internal geological shifts occur. The life of the spirit, after all, is not concerned with what goes on in our bell-jar psyches, but is a matter of the 'soul' in our relationship to the things of life. Wicker's book is there to keep us real and alive to a world to which no inward turn should blind us.

● ● ● ● ● ● ● ● ●

CHARLES DAVIS is professor of religion at Concordia University in Montreal, and author of the forthcoming book *Body as Spirit: The Nature of Religious Feeling* (Seabury).

DOROTHY DOHEN, a professor of sociology at Fordham University, edited *Integrity* magazine from 1952-56.

FATHER AVERY DULLES, S.J., currently president of the Catholic Theological Society of America, is professor of theology at Catholic University in Washington, D.C. He is the author of *Models of the Church* (Doubleday) and other books.

MARTIN E. MARTY is a professor at the University of Chicago and associate editor of *The Christian Century*.

JACK RIEMER is the editor of *Jewish Reflections on Death* (Schocken) and a frequent reviewer for Jewish and Christian journals.

FATHER DAVID S. TOOLAN, S.J., is a professor of theology at Canisius College in Buffalo.

● ● ● ● ● ● ● ● ●

Abigail McCarthy (Cont.)

Among the persons most convincingly committed to peace, justice and the alleviation of misery, among those who have lived among us willingly laying down their lives for others in one way or another, have been persons committed to prayer and action. Think of Dag Hammarskjold, Thomas Merton, Bonhoeffer, and, outside our tradition, Gandhi. It may be that we suffer today from having stifled mysticism in our tradition, and from the weird notion, to which we all subscribed, that there could be a division of spiritual labor.

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Hammarskjold put it this way: "The explanation of how man should live a life of active social service in full harmony with himself as a member of the community of the spirit, I found in the writings of those great medieval mystics for whom 'self-surrender' had been the way of self-realization, and who in 'singleness of mind' and 'inwardness' had found strength to say Yes to every demand which the needs of their neighbors made them face, and to say Yes also to every fate life had in store for them. . . ."

Could any activist ask more of a man?

On the last morning of his life Thomas Merton, monk of the civil rights and peace movement, and of human liberation—and a contemplative to the end—had this to say: "The monk belongs to the world, but the world belongs to him insofar as he has dedicated himself totally to liberation from it in order to liberate it. . . . If you want to pull a drowning man from the water you have to have some support yourself. There is nothing to be gained by simply jumping in the water and drowning with him." Merton looked forward to the day when the combination of the natural techniques of prayer in Asia and the "Christian liberty of the gospel should bring us all at last to that full and transcendent liberty which is beyond mere cultural differences."

Perhaps with the true and disciplined wedding of the transcendent and of compassion, "everything *would* become possible once more"—even liberation. Action alone leads to weariness and despair.

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Religious Education

TIME CONSULTANTS' East Coast Conference for Religious Education, "Toward An American Catechesis." Shoreham Americana Hotel, Washington, D.C., February 27-29, 1976. Richard McBrien, Charles Curran, Marc Tanenbaum, James Carroll, Jose Hobday, The Dameans, many others. Complete Details available. Write: P.O. Box 652, Department "C," Severna Park, Maryland, 21146.

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Institutes

BIBLICAL INSTITUTE, Trinity College, Burlington, Vermont 05401, June 20-25. Ahern, Duncker, Collins, N. Lapp, Murphy-O'Connor. Write: Director.

SACRED SCRIPTURE: Eighth Annual Institute, August 8-13, 1976. Revs. R. A. F. MacKenzie, John R. Donahue, Sr. M. Ann Michelle Shay. Write Sister Marianna, College Misericordia, Dallas, Pa. 18612.

Workshop

LONERGAN WORKSHOP at Boston College, June 14-18, 1976. Theme: Theology as Public Discourse. I. Lectures: Frederick Crowe, Matthew Lamb, Frederick Lawrence, Philip McShane, Bernard Tyrrell. II. Panels: A) Blessed Rage for Order: Quentin Quesnell (leader) with David Tracy. B) The New Catholic Morality: Joseph Flanagan (focal paper). C) Pastoral Theology: Charles Mulligan (focal paper). D) Psychology and Spirituality: Sebastian Moore (focal paper). E) Theology as Socio-Poliitcal Critique: Matthew Lamb (focal paper). III. Two Lonergan Lectures and Lonergan dialogs daily. Write: Fred Lawrence, Theology, BOSTON COLLEGE, Chestnut Hill, Mass. 02167.

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CORRESPONDENCE

(Continued from page 131)

the British quarterly *Breakthrough*. It is at least conceivable that other essays by "Didymus" appeared over the years in religious journals, but, if such essays exist, I have so far found no trace of them.

EDWARD MENDELSON
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Introibo Ad Altare

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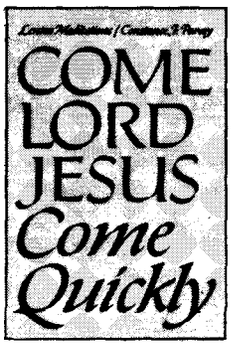
To the Editors: What language (apart from smart aleckese) does John Deedy write [Jan. 16]? Hopkins "entered Catholicism" and "took the priesthood" (*pace Hebrews* 5:4). And his suggestion of melting down bishops in a "thurifer"! Was Deedy a red-hot altar boy in his day?

(REV.) QUENTIN L. SCHAUT, O.S.B.



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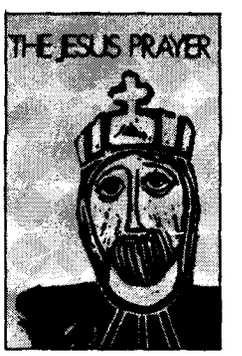

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Each of the 33 contributors is a member of one of the professions involved in the care of dying persons and their survivors. They are physicians, nurses, chaplains, parish clergy, social workers, psychiatrists, psychologists, and pastoral counselors.

Some articles are addressed specifically to one or another professional group, but most speak to human beings regardless of their professional roles. It is now clear that the most effective pastoral care for dying persons and their survivors occurs when there is a team of professionals who can communicate with each other about their feelings and attitudes and can appreciate each other's unique task. Therefore, one criteria for selection of articles was to promote such sharing among all members of the pastoral care team, broadly conceived.

However, today the major share of the counseling task falls to the pastor. Therefore, much of the information imparted throughout the book is directed to his special needs. To minister effectively to dying and bereaved persons, a pastor needs to understand the psychological needs of a dying person and the emotional process of grief. He needs to be aware of the ethical and legal questions that confront health professionals and families. He needs to be sensitive to unverbalized feelings as well as the meaning of words. DEATH AND MINISTRY speaks to all these needs.

In a day when Western culture's "denial of death" is coming under attack from all angles, the professional needs to have a manual of concern—a virtual encyclopedia on pastoral care for the dying and the bereaved. Strengthened and enlightened by the work presented here and armed with new insights and invaluable self-knowledge, the professional will be able to deal more effectively with those who turn to him for help.

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J. Donald Bane, Austin H. Kutscher, Robert E. Neale, and Robert B. Reeves, Jr., editors

DEATH AND MINISTRY

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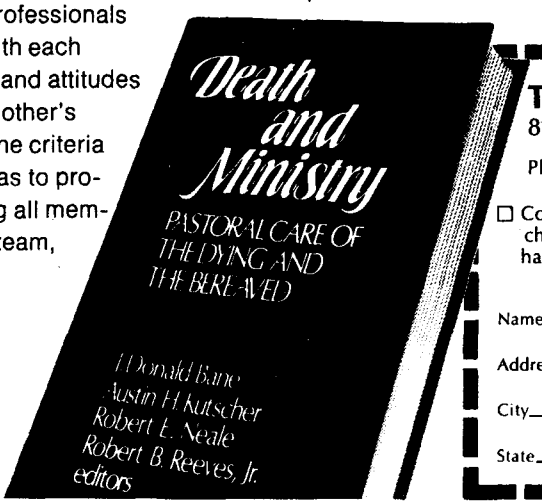

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